

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumî

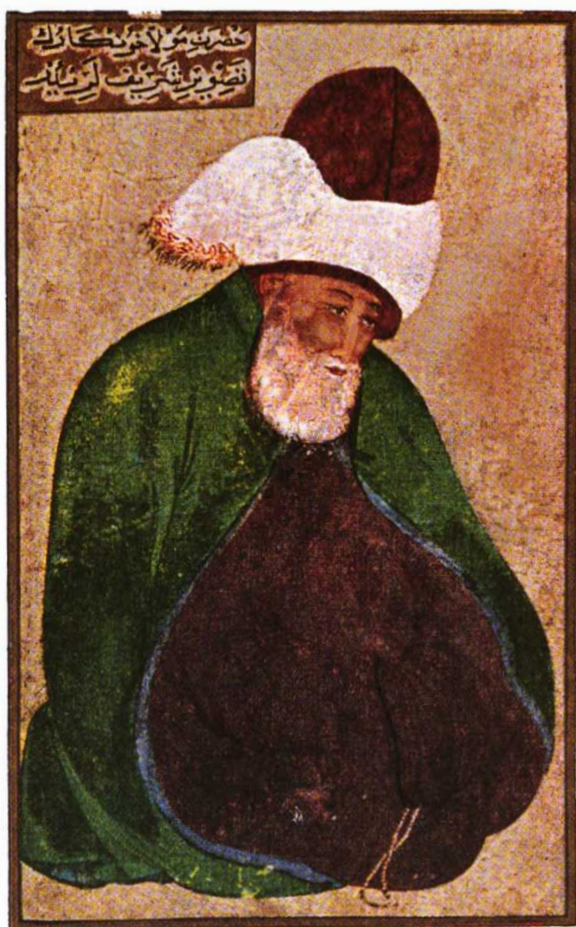
Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 11

translated by
Nevit O. Erġin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Sari Matviyyi Meukûf

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Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

archegos



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Turkish Republic Ministry of Culture

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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

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Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Meter 11

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Müfteilün Müfteilün Fâilât

archegos

Translator's Note

The rising interest about Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi around the world has reached a phenomenal scale.

His biggest appeal to people all over the world comes from his sincere and direct approach to God and Love. His love of humanity and nature are part of this Divine Love.

The first volume of Dîvân-i Kebîr was co-published by the Ministry of Culture of Turkey in 1995. This was the first attempt at the Dîvân's English translation.

I am happy to say that the eleventh volume is already completed. The remaining eleven volumes will follow.

When East and West try to understand each other in our present world, sometimes a dangerous fault line develops where different cultures collide.

Mevlana's synthesis of different cultures and faiths may set a good example for the rest of the world.

We are invisible, secret sometimes,
Other times apparent, obvious.
We are sometimes Muslim,
Sometimes in the faith of Moses,
Sometimes Christian.
In order to be an example to others,
We must assume a different form
Every day.

Verse 1527

Nevit O. Ergin

1.

Verse 1

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Come close, closer, O loyal friend.
Give up *I* and *we* and come faster.

Come closer. Denounce Self and ourselves.
Come closer so that neither *I* nor *we* exists.

Quit being puffed up so that instead
You gain much greatness.

"Am I not your God?"¹ He asked.
You said, "Yes."
What thanks do you get for saying yes?
Suffering.

What is the meaning of saying "Yes"?
It means, "I keep knocking at the door
Of the building of Absence."

Get out of time and space;
At the same time, stay there.
Where is time and space?
Where is the temple of Absence?

Become pure and clean.
Turn into earth so grass will grow.

When you are dried up like grass
You burn nicely, burn so that
Flames rise out from your fire.

If you keep burning down to ashes,
Your ashes become secret chemistry.

Look at the world of Absence and see:
When you were a handful of dirt,
He turned you into such a chemistry.

He makes earth out of the foam of the sea,
Creates the sky from black smoke.

He makes a morsel of bread to help the Soul
And gives much knowledge to breath
Which is nothing but the wind.

Give your Soul at the door of the temple of greatness.
Absence knows generosity and giving
Only through the Soul.

You give him a Soul full of trouble and, in return,
You get a beautiful, endless Soul.

I will quit talking and keep silent.
It is better to say the words that add Soul to Soul silently.



2.

Verse 16

How long will you be hiding that smile?
How long will you keep hiding
That bright moon face of yours?

Your face makes hundreds of Sultans
Slaves and servants.
Your smile makes the slave like a Sultan.

Teach the smile to the red rose.
Show that eternal kingdom.

The door of sky is closed in order to attract
Someone like you who opens doors to himself.

The eyes of the caravan, full of drunk camels,
Are waiting for the one who will lead them.

Untie your hair. Scatter it
So you can put it on your neck
And pull the ones who catch the scattered ends.

It is the day of union. Beauty is here.
Don't wait for the future.

The tight face of the tambourine
Is fond of the strikes.
That crying ney² is in love with lips.

Slap the face of the tambourine a few times.
Blow that crying ney.

When the Rebab³ becomes greedy and starts crying,
Open your generous hand, do your kindness.

If this gazel turns out to be incomplete,
Don't blame me. There is no loyalty
In the memory which flies away.



3.

Verse 27

Offer wine to that friend who is fond of the glass.
Offer that bitter-faced one a piece of sugar, Beloved.

Turn those sneaky, blood-thirsty eyes
This way, not that way.

Confuse this old mind which gets into everything.
Make his head dizzy, let him go loose.

Your favor and kindness are the Sultan
Of thousands of favors and kindnesses.

You send fountains
To the heart of marble rocks.

If even a two-day-old baby gets your smell,
He will pick up his cradle and come to your side.

He leaves his nanny, becomes weaned,
Won't touch sesame oil.

You are a nice key for locked doors,
A halter for the wild horse.

O Sun, this is your job.
You are the one who sends light
To the moon and the stars.

You also wait for him to be enlightened
Like the moon, give up this job, this waiting.

Your mercy gives an antidote to the snake,
A den for the jabbing, killer scorpion.

Remind the one who forgets his job.
Make him find out
Why he is searching from place to place.

Every beautiful statue that is made of stone
Comes to life with His breath.
What a strong spell that magical Beauty has.

Be silent. Words belong to this world.
Give up this mean world.



4.

Verse 41

The Beloved, just like that, made a vow.
“Don’t even think. There is no sleep tonight.”

Since our Beloved wants us to stay awake,
We must hit the top of our heads,
Put our minds together.

Your head is like the olive oil of the kandil.⁴
Ours is not good.

Even if the head is full of olive oil,
It still isn’t good enough.
It the end, morning comes,
And your kandil disappears.

A call from the sun is much better than olive oil.
One call of that kind is worth many lamps.

Sleep doesn’t get into his beautiful eyes.
His eyes make all the other people’s eyes drunk.

All the eyes sleep except his beautiful eyes.
He watches the closed eyes and smiles.

Then a voice ascends to the sky.
“Who is the owner?”⁵
The voice asks, “Where are the Sultans who wear
The golden-embroidered Kaftans?”⁶

“Where are the masters, the vizirs?
Where are the great ones? Where are
The ones who protect God’s cities?”

What has happened to the wise ones, the writers?
You can hardly find a giant at the Council of State.

The house of bodies is darkened, narrowed.
We have carried a light
And, in a short breath, saw that.

What happens to dust after the wind blows?
The poor thing settles down on dark soil.

But once it wakes up from its sleep stages,
It swaggers on the mustache of cruelty.

Ah, how forgetful are these people.
Their knowledge doesn’t stay for even one moment.

Because of his ignorance, his blindness,
The heart of the moth forgets the fire of the candle.

He comes back with half-burned wings
And keeps burning the rest of himself
Like a Soul that doesn’t deserve the burning.

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Order is your hands, O God.
You rule in the evening, morning and dawn.



5.

Verse 58

Wake up. It is dawn.
Offer wine. Call for friends.
Wake up. It is morning.
Time for praying.

Fill up the pitcher with wine.
Pour it into the cup.
Wake up. Don't break the jar.
Open its cap.

Turn the jar, but first offer it to me.
O One who adds Soul to souls,
Refresh my soul first.

Wake up. The sound of the harp
Is everywhere, ascends to the sky,
Fills the sky with melodies.

Your time will be pleasant, O Moon.
Hear the melody of "Ten, teni ten ten."
Be silent. Don't talk.

Pour wine on my head,
Tie my feet so I won't wander aimlessly
From one place to another.

Hold me in your hand
Which resembles the sea, scatters pearls.
Throw me in the sea like a boat.

O Moses of Soul, I was a piece of stick,
I became a dragon in your hand.

I am Azer⁷ of present times, O Jesus.
I came to life from the grave of Absence
With your breath.

Or, I am like a tree.
With the order of the prophet,
I came to His temple
By dragging my roof through the desert.

O one, whose hand and mouth are
The treasure of immortality,
From now on, you give, you tell.

O Shemseddin,
Who is the Sultan of Sultans of Tebriz,
You are the head of the Sultans of greatness.



6.

Verse 70 *Terct-Bend*

⓪ drunk nightingale, for God's sake,
See the rose's season climb the pulpit.

Take advantage of these couple of days,
Because this red-yellow rose,
This beautiful double-faced rose has no loyalty.

Your breath is the food
For brides of the garden and meadow.
Call. Call friends in the springtime.

There was a common past
Between your soul and my soul.
That's where we met each other.

Our present meeting and love
Is because of our old acquaintance.
You forget that, but that is what it is.

Let's see each other's face without separation
From our face and cheeks, our soul bodies.

See and recognize each other
In this new existence,
Because we are such chameleons
That we change each other's color.

Even Joseph's face appears like a wolf
To the one who commits sins.

That Shirin-faced Husrev's⁸ beautiful face
Disappeared because of one grudge.

Once his appearance changes
How will you be able
To recognize him with these eyes?

"My God, show me everything
As it was at its origin,"⁹
Mustafa begged from God.

Wake up, tell the rest of it to Tercî.
Show the dust, his trace, draw a nice line.

O Beautiful, the One whose face
The Moon and fairies are longing to see,
You open Your wings. Where are you flying?

Pledge something of worth, then go.
There must be some reason
For your departure from us.

Your fountain of life has made the earth drunk.
Yet, you are the drunk of this seven-colored rock.
Your heart is pure and clear.

What is the earth?
Even this bright sky is turning because of you.

I give up. For God's sake tell the truth.
Why are you taking your belongings
From that house?

There is only your work and business in both worlds.
What is your work and business? Tell the truth.

If you don't tell, your seditious, ambergris eyes
Will provide the evidence.

Isn't your endless, limitless ocean-like soul
Bored from this tiny, narrow land
Which is locked with six doors?

You are the master of hundreds of Kevser.
For sure You don't care for this bitter water.

With God's blessing the wings of Cafer
Have grown on your feet to fly to the sky.

Your poet closed his mouth
In order to have the Sultan become poet.
He will tell the rest.

"Finish the Tercî until the third bend.¹⁰
Beyond that will be yours," the Sultan keeps saying.

O my Beauty, even angels become
Parrots to your honey lips.
I made a jug. I knitted the jug
By interlacing sugar cane.

But I am poor, give alms
From your ruby lips to me.

You are very benevolent.
This is the time for mercy.
It is the time of namaz.

Look, Ramadan comes now.
The night of power is here.
It is a holiday night.
Berat¹¹ came from you.

I have such a thirsty shore for Your sea
That hundreds of rivers of Euphrates
Won't wet my thirst.

My heart is caged in your dewlap.
How can I want to be free
From this dungeon, this well?

The bottom of this well is as large as the sky.
Eyes cannot see its vastness.

You are the shape of love.
In other words, you are shapeless.
This number comes from attributes,
Not from essence.

Even with that, you talk,
Because other's words are nothing but nonsense.

You tell it, O Sultan of existence's chess,
O One who puts all the kings
In the house of checkmate!

Since I have said three Tercis,
Offer me a wine, O auspicious beauty.
I will finish with Arabic.

O Moon of Beauty,
O Moon that enlightens the darkness,
Rise in the glass of great ones.
Show your kindness and generosity.



7.

Verse 106

You are the one who does a favor
To the glass as well as Sagrak.¹²
You are the One who gives joy and pleasure
To the assembly as well as to the tavern.

You make dreamy Narcissus drunk,
Then pick up that drop of pearl
And put it in front of you.

Besides your gentleness and kindness,
What could give patience
To this crazy, insane heart? Who could calm it?

O Sun, draw a sword,
Send some light to this ruined place.

You are Kafdag¹³ where the home of the phoenix is.
You are the candle of Soul, which resembles a moth.

Make a fountain of life flow everywhere.
Make that story, that fable open and clear to everyone.

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O cupbearer, make this strange, unbelieving body drunk
So it will jump into action.

What is the use of that brave cup
If it cannot subjugate such a Satan?

Why does he feel fear in his heart
Even when he has conquered hundreds of wise hearts?

How nice is the assembly
Of that seducing, instigator beauty
Which has been set in the early dawn.

Your eyes break hundreds of oaths.
Your hair makes hundreds of combs drunk.

O Beauty, climb on the roof for one moment
And make the pole of Hannane move again.

The key tells the signs
Of the verse, "We opened,"¹⁴
To the keyhole.

The Sultan says, "Those words don't enter my ears."
I should stop these childish words.



8.

Verse 120

Come to your senses.
I am the one at the door. Open the door.
Closing the door is not a sign of contentment.

There is a palace in the heart of every particle.
But if you don't open it,
That door always stays closed to you.

You are God who split the dawn, brought morning.
You open hundreds of doors, ask to come in.¹⁵

No. I am not at the door.
You are the one. Open the door to yourself.

The match came to the fire and said,
"O charmer, get out. Come to my arms."

"Although my shape doesn't resemble yours
I am nothing but you from head to toe."

"But if you reach me, I will become
Like you in appearance inside and out.
My shape will disappear with that merger."

And fire said to the match,
"I will get out.
Why should I hide from myself?"

You hear that from me
And tell all your friends.

If he is a mountain,
Pull him to yourself like grass.
I gave you the quality of ambergris' magnetism.

My ambergris pulls the mountain.
I am the one who made
The mountain of Hira¹⁶ appear from absence.

I am in your heart, all over.
Come to your own heart for greetings.

My beauty, I catch heart.
In fact, the essence of heart comes from our sea.

It doesn't matter whether I carry my shadow
From one place to the other or not,
My shadow always stays with me.

In order to purify and prepare him for union,
I separate him from his place.

I separate so they will know he belongs to me.
I separate so he will be free from memory.

Go. Listen to him for the rest.
He will tell you with the language of immortality.



9.

Verse 137

○ marble, how did that Beauty
Turn you into ruby?
He did the same thing, the same kindness for me.

The rose sapling that keeps smiling
Said to Soul and heart, "I want to give you a leaf.
Why don't you come to the rose garden?"

If God hasn't bought the world from grief,
Why did he announce the good news,
"I have bought?"¹⁷

Go quickly, climb the roof.
All the world has been stored
Bale by bale, around the house.

The sweet kingdom said,
"Be grateful. What is this complaining?"

The Beauty who is everybody's praise, including mine,
Came suddenly with a big glass in his hand.

The wine which is permissible was offered. Drink.
Don't talk about events and strangers.

When the first glass starts turning in your head,
Your reason prostrates in front of your insanity.

Don't spread the secrets of heaven.
Don't talk about those secrets
With the words that come from underground.



10.

Verse 146

☾ moon face, if you don't sleep just one night,
The treasure of immortality shows its face to you.

At night, you will be warmed
By the sun of Absence; salve will open your eyes.

Insist. Don't put your head on the pillow tonight.
Insist so you will see the gifts of happiness.

All Beauties show their charms at night,
But the one who sleeps doesn't feel that.
Come on, don't sleep.

Didn't Imran's son, Moses, see the holy light at night?
Didn't he hear the voice say, "Come,"¹⁸
When he approached that tree at night?

Didn't Ahmed¹⁹ ascend to the sky at night?
Didn't Burah²⁰ take him to the sky at night?

Days are for livelihood. Night is for love.
That is because evil eyes can't see you then.

People have fallen asleep,
But the lover keeps talking with God.

God told David,
"Whoever has fallen in love with us

And sleeps all night long, his case is wrong.
Sleep doesn't come to the lover."²¹

It is not true that he sleeps all night.
Sleep doesn't come to the one who is in love,

Because the lover wants privacy
To tell of his love to his Beloved.

If the thirsty ever sleep, they sleep very little,
Never fall in a deep sleep.

Even if he sleeps a little,
He will see water in his sleep.
He may see himself at the river bed
With a jar or with a water carrier.

A voice keeps coming from God all night long.
O poor one, wake up.
Take advantage of opportunity.

Once you die, your soul is separated from your body,
And you will feel lost.

When they take that peer away from you,
Earth becomes raw.
Nothing will be left but thorns and grass.

I am out of myself. You read the rest.
I became drunk. I am not aware of my hands, my feet.



11.

Verse 164

Pull that Sultan,
Who made home the land of sugar,
Closer to that charmer of pure, clean beauty,
That grain of pearl!

To the peerless Sultan whose face is auspicious,
To the Beloved whose heart is like an ocean.

He gives life, even to the decayed dead,
Gives love even to the total stranger's heart.

He fills the arms of every thorn with roses,
Gives intelligence to every crazy, insane mind.

He gives things to the mind of a two-day-old baby
That even mature intelligent people cannot comprehend.

Who is the baby? Have you forgotten
The story of the Hannane pole? Do you deny that?

When He offers wine, you become drunk fast,
Even if you've become the Sultan of drunks.

I am out of myself, drunk.
My mind is gone.
Otherwise I would tell the story a better way.

Listen along with everybody.

It is necessary to listen to this peerless, sweet story.

That face tears even the face of the moon.

That hair breaks hundreds of combs.

Who could tell the story of that eye, that magician,

That seducer who tyrannizes all magicians?

That eye that sees all the events of the future

Knows and sees what will happen

Until the last day of judgment.

Don't reveal the secret.

Appear like as if you are ignorant.

Remember that great master.



12.

Verse 177

With all that greatness and vastness,
Still the sky keeps turning, like a mill, around God.

You also, O Soul, turn around such a kaaba.
You also, O poor one, turn around such a meal.

Since you became drunk
With no feeling in hands and feet,
Why don't you roll around like a ball on His square?

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You are moving from one place to another
On the chess board, but your knight and queen
Also have to turn around the Sultan.

Turn the Sultan's ring on your finger.
Command. Show that you rule.

The one who turns around heart
Becomes Soul to the world,
A Beauty who catches hearts.

The one who changes to heart, who becomes a lover
Is the companion of the moth,
Keeps turning around the candle.

Because his body is made of mud,
His heart of fire.

Everything is attracted to its own.
Every star turns around the sky,
Because the same kind enjoy each other.

The one who is annihilated merges with Absence
Like a magnet pulls iron
And turns around Absence.

Because your existence is nothing in front of Him,
Your crossed eyes will become healthy,
Your vision will be corrected.

The drunk was asking, "Our God, clean us from dirt."
At the same time he was performing
The ritual of ablution with his own urine.

God answered, "You first must know the identity of dirt.
There is no praying in such a crooked, upside-down way."

Prayer is like a key. If it is crooked,
You cannot open the door.

I become silent.
My cypress-statured Beauty, you talk.
You all get up.

**My Sultan Shemseddin, Ruler of Rulers of Tebriz,
I close my mouth, you open your mouth.**



13.

Verse 193

When we start the war of night,
We raise dust from the sea of night.

The one who watches the night
Doesn't want sleep, stays away from sleep.

So many luminous hearts, pure clean souls
Worship at night, ask favors from God.

Night is the veil of the Beauty of Absence.
How can morning be matched to evening?

For you, night is a black saucepan,
Because you have never tasted the halva of evening.

Night has tied my hands and feet
From livelihood and profit.
My hands are night's feet until dawn.

The road is long. Let's ride a horse on that road,
Advance on the field of night.

Day is the time of profit and earning
But there is a different pleasure in the love of evening.

O the praise of Tebriz, Shemseddin, you are the brave
For whom the morning is longing, the night desires.



14.

Verse 202

Who is the sober one in this city?
Who is the one who doesn't belong on this side
At this time?

Who is the one who hasn't become pregnant,
Like the Virgin Mary, from the breath
Of Archangel Gabriel?

Who is the one who hasn't been caught fifty times
By that hair which resembles a fishing line?

Is there any wine or beauty
At the assembly on top of the sky
That won't look ordinary at this assembly?

If wine would allow it, my mind would keep talking,
And nobody says, "It is enough, there is no end of that."

Soul is attached to him, but becomes lame.
In fact, soul has no place to jump to from that place.

See this surprising thing. Watch amazing people.
Have you ever seen one who exists
And at the same time is absent?

The bird whose arms and wings
Are broken by the Sultan
Keeps flying above the dome of this sky.
Nothing will ever break him again.

Be annihilated and free yourself
From these words and gossip.
Who is the one who is freed from words?
Who is the one who is annihilated?



15.

Verse 211

This is our job, our occupation,
Nothing else besides that.
We are Your lovers and not ashamed of it.

Since Your sorrow which resembles the lion
Hunted us,
We don't want to be prey for anything but that lion.

What a beautiful pearl you are
At the bottom of this ocean.

We are not steady. We are like a wave
Because of You.

We devote our stomach to Your wine
Because Your wine gives no hangover.

Your wine comes from the sky.
We don't need any grape crushers.

Your wine makes even the mountain loose.
Don't blame us if we are not settled, playful.

We don't have an army or cavalry,
But even so, we cover the earth like the sun.

We don't have a caravan master or a caravan,
But we keep carrying sugar from Egypt
To the land of Rum.

We are not the head of anything on this earth,
But we don't have the headache or burden either.

Rent a house for us in Your neighborhood.
We can't stay away from You.

No wonder we can't scratch our head.
We are mixed with Your rose-like sugar.

You are the axis of the world.
Everybody turns their face toward You.
We cannot help but to keep turning around You.

My friend, my kin is the one who was born from love.
I don't have any friend or family better than this.

What is better and above these two worlds?
The secret of lovers.
We don't have a better city or country than this.

If we don't say any words from now on,
Forgive us. That is the reason.



16.

Verse 227

Why do flies crowd together around Your sugar?
Where is the epigram, "La havle repels flies?"

All points of view except the one
Which was correct in eternity
Are right regarding Him.
They cannot comprehend Him.

Make a move with Ruh.²²
Cut the road of the banal person's horse.²³
This is our face, O Sultan,²⁴ charm it.

To make a charm, to steal a heart, to torment!
All these suit You. It is all right if You do or not.

The stone which comes from You is a pearl, a jewel.
Your torment is hundreds of loyalties.

If he sees two cloudy shapes,
He tears his clothes,
Yells like he has seen two pure, clear shapes.

Every thought chooses one image, goes after it.
But for the one who falls in love with His image,
His assembly is a different assembly.

Kaaba is full of people who worship stone.
You turn Your face to us.
We are God's Kaaba.

In the eyes of the one who turns poor
In front of this Kible,
Sencers and Sultans are also poor.

Soul has never been rested by anyone
But Shemseddin at Tebriz,
Has never slept, never awakened.



17.

Verse 237

Come close, closer. Your face is nothing
But divine light.
Who doesn't become drunk with Your love?

No. No I said. Wrong.
There is no *come* or *go*
In the desire of the soul of Soul.
He is not away.

Where is sunlight that has not reflected?
To whose arms was the moon borne
That hasn't recognized it?

Thought is the curtain to thought.
Give up thought. He is not hidden.

O Sugar that doesn't come close
To the surmise of flies!
O Honey that hasn't come from the honey bee!

When Your face is visible like the moon,
The excuse of the person's greed and sorrow
Are not permissible.

The one who has a heart without love,
Even if he becomes sultan, he is nothing
But a dead body that is dressed
In a satin shroud and buried in the grave.

If the spark of thought is not blind,
Surely, he will see God's torture.

Old, young or dead doesn't affect
The one who drinks the water of life.

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The moon and sun both tried to be a curtain to God,
But Love knows that he is not a houri.²⁵

O Shemseddin, you are God's praise,
But there is no permission to reveal your secret.



18.

Verse 248

Pigeons have filled the nest of heart.
They start scratching and flying.
Heart is full of their coo-coos.

When the drunk's uproar ascends to the sky,
The golden vulture of destiny stops flying.

Moon starts dancing. So does Jupiter.
The planet Venus also starts playing music.

The One who created souls made a mirror from mud
And put it in front of His face.

Hundreds of shapes appeared on the mirror.
His own shape came forward easily.

The one who is in love has supplicated.
The one who has attained His love
Has climbed to the top of the pulpit.

There is no end for the harvest of soul,
But stomach has only a few despicable things.

Even earth is filled with You.
If You cover everywhere like snow,
When sunshine reflects on you, you will be gone.

O Snow, melt down, turn into earth,
Then see how well earth will be adorned.

Earth keeps changing to the point
That both the worlds start shining
Because of its light.

It is enough. Tongue has lost its function.
It is enough. Earth has become like a talking soul.



19.

Verse 259

God's lion broke his chain.
Soul's cupbearer broke the glass.

My thieving heart fell in love with the Beloved.
The Beloved starts tying the hand of my thief.

Last night! What a night was last night!
Midnight lightning came from your cheek.

Your love offered wine and roasted meat.
Then your mind ran to a corner to hide.

The wine cup started laughing.
The wooden bowl kept crying.

When wine throws an arrow to the heart of the jar,
The arms and wings of sorrow are all broken.

The old mind washed his hands of Your drunks
When he saw You serving wine.

Be kind. Nurse my heart's baby.
He is starting to look for a nipple.

My soul is catching lions since he drank Your milk.
He is freed from the dog of Self.

When the immortal Cupbearer offered wine to soul,
Soul gained immortal life.

Don't talk much about secrets,
Because the Beloved keeps looking angrily at me.



20.

Verse 270

My heart's bird starts flying again.
The parrot of soul has landed in the sugar cane field.

My crazy, insane, drunk camel
Broke the chain of intelligence.

Your fearless, tireless drops of wine
Start running over the eyes and head.

The lion of comprehension starts drinking our blood
With the dog of Ashab-i Kehf.²⁶

Water starts running to that riverbed, again.
Greenery starts growing around.

The morning breeze visits the garden,
Blows around the rose and rose gardens.

Love has sold me because of shame,
But his heart burned and tried to buy me back.

He pushed me, kicked me out, but His mercy
Called me back, started looking toward us, nicely.

My enemy started biting his hands with jealousy
When he saw me with the beloved.

Heart has run away from the tricks and deceit
Of the present day's people.
He took shelter under the arms of love,
And there he started to crawl.

Sneaky eyebrows leaned toward the eyes
By making signs.

Love called the heart to his side,
And heart started running away from people.

People resemble the cane in the hand of the blind.
When the blind starts seeing,
He throws away the cane.

People are like milk for the baby.
When the baby grows up and starts eating meals,
He gives up milk.

Soul is like the falcon. When it hears
The drum beat, it flies toward the sultan.

It is enough. Be silent,
Because the curtain of words
Is putting a fence around you.



21.

Verse 286

The falcon said to the goose,
"The valley is beautiful."
"Have a good night," answered the goose,
"This place is much better for me."

"I'm all set. I'll put my head down and sleep.
You keep flying because you are restless."

Even my nest is dark, but as long as
My beautiful Joseph is there,
It is all right with me.

The bottom of the well is a nice place
If the beloved is there.
If he is at the top, that's where the nice place is.

It is so nice to look for pearls
In the bottom of the sea, inside of salty water.

It is proper for the crying nightingale
To be in the rose garden.
It is nice for the parrot to chew sugar.

The sky is the spark of angels
And soul is to tell their beads.²⁷
Their pearl dome of sky is so beautiful.

Since God has purified your heart
From greed and anger,
Go and get a beautiful, peerless new heart.

Since God has exempted you
From the worries of daily sustenance,
Go and get a new heart for excursions and outings.

He said, "Watching the universe is like watching Us.
Stay with Us. Stay in Our arms. It is good being with Us.

It is nice to see his reflection in the mirror,
But nothing like watching that beauty alive.

The face becomes pale
Because of the reflection of a red face.
Give up the one which is reflected.
The main thing is the rose-colored face.

The reason for the beautiful, constant movement
Without hands and feet
Is God's light.

Observe this beautiful dance
From the bottom of earth to the top of sky.
Put your mind in your head.

When you become a particle,
Don't go and become a mountain again.
Be faithful. It is nice to be faithful.

It is enough. Be silent.
You also see like the eye, but don't talk.
Don't look for the eyes of the head.
The one that sees is the eye of Soul,
The most beautiful one.

Shemseddin, who is the praise of Tebriz,
Is happy with everyone.
But he is the most happy, the most beautiful, alone.



22.

Verse 303

Get up. Today the world is ours.
The soul and universe are our cupbearer, our guest.

The clamor of the light of Solomon
Is in the eye of the giant and fairy.

Rustem-i Destan²⁸ and thousands of others
Are the slaves of our story.
They are only toys in our fable.

Isn't that greatness enough for our Egypt?
That greatness isn't enough for Egypt.
The sultan, Joseph of Canaan, is there.

Get up. The one who governs the universe
With his grace and charm
Came under our rule today.

Venus and the moon
Are playing the tambourine with our joy.
The nightingale of soul has come to our rose garden,
Has become drunk there.

The bowls full of sustenance kept coming
One after the other.
The purse of kingdom is in our chest.

The sultan who offers a sultanate
Is setting our joy to music.
That fairy-faced beauty is calling our fairy.

Thank God, that sultan, to whom
Both ball and club give praise, is in our field.

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That sultan, who is the sultan
Of heart and soul's land
Is all over the place of our heart and soul.

Who is the one who hides in the corner of soul?
Tell him our sugar cane field would be a gift for him.

The Ridvan who is the gatekeeper of heaven,
Who is a moon in the heavens,
Has become drunk and passed out of himself
In front of the contented heart of our Ridvan.

He scattered salt everywhere, then was hidden.
He is the salt and pepper of our life.
He is our salt mine.

He has gone to one corner, yet all the world is his drunk.
He is our Hizir. He is our water of life.

Just like salt in the saucepan, like soul in the body,
He appears from everyone and everything.
Even in a situation like that
He has been concealed.

He doesn't appear. Everything consists of Him.
When He become ours, we are everything, everyone.

Don't show more evidence.
Don't talk about proof,
Because our evidence and proof
Are in the land of silence.
They appear in that world.



23.

Verse 320

Patience is a mirror for disease.
It is a mirror that absorbs all trouble.

The heart of a patient doesn't show
Either bright or dark without trouble.

Looking for a mirror is the sign of beauty.
It means, "I don't have fault or ugliness on my face."

Even if there is ugliness and banality in the person
Who is looking for a mirror, it is temporary.
It can be cured with medicine.
It is the result of fever.

The mirror of trouble and suffering is away from Pharoah
Because his face is dark and rusty.

He cut off thousands of children's heads.
God preserve us! Headache is a contagious disease.

But I have closed that door completely,
Because my order rules.
My sovereignty is the one that counts.

Chance and destiny have heard this and said,
“Don’t brag, don’t laugh for your head and beard.”
This great pen is the pen of the One
Who takes care of broken and defeated ones.

Be blind today because Moses has arrived.
He has a formidable dagger.

Have your throat cut in front of Him.
Don’t shake your head.
This is not the time for deceit and tricks.

You cut off the head of some people with oppression,
But You give them a kingdom afterward,
Give them immortality.

You poke a thorn into their hearts and eyes.
Yet, Your breath invites them to the rose garden.
That is the way.

You made me swallow poison,
But now the time has come for me
To scatter sugar and favors to them.

They drink so much wine,
They become so drunk
That they will have their hangover
To the last day of judgment.

The cruelty of the wood
Cooks the saucepan of the poor.
Fire is what cooks the meal.

I can't talk because He cut my breath.
It is time to be silent, to cover.

You be silent so that the beloved
Will tell the secret words to everyone.



24.

Verse 337

One who gets up prematurely like a drunk,
You are drunk with wine, the wine of Elest.²⁹

Love took you away from our hand, like a glass.
Press on his chest, then drink to the end.

Did your arms and hands find God's bow?
Yes, they did.
Did your arrow go beyond the sky?
Yes, it did.

Is every pearl, every jewel
From God's treasure on your two ruby lips?
Yes, they are.

We didn't want it, but did your love
Tear all the bonds, jump out and scatter to the universe?
Yes, it did.

Well, the secret that I was whispering
With the tip of my tongue in the middle of the night
Spread all over.

Worms hid, chewing in the wood,
Then appeared on the wood again.
Just like that, love was born from me
Grew, and then wounded me



25.

Verse 344

Turn from one hand to the other like a red rose.
You resemble wine. People are drunk with you.

Your arms and hands found God's bow.
Your arrow went beyond the sky.

Your jealousy said, "Go away. There is no road."
Your mercy said, "Come, there is. There is a road."

Your favor is like the sea. I am the fish in it.
But your jealousy made me a fishing line.

I have been wounded by your fish hook, but I don't mind.
Your salve is looking for wounded ones.

O One who is closer to me than my breath,
I will breathe lightly, talk slowly at your temple.

Joseph is only one. Wolves are hundreds.
But Jacob did a favor. Joseph is saved by his prayer.

Drunks walk around this city fearlessly.
Our sultan cut the way of the robber as well as the guard.



26.

Verse 352

You came, suddenly, with a dagger
In your hand to cut my neck.
You can kill me a better way than that.

Even the rose leaf became soft with your kindness.
Why are you hard like a thorn?

O sun, you hit me with your sword.
That is why my body is warmed.

Sword is also a curtain.
Leave it so that it hits me hard,
Twice, on my face.

Someone said to his own wife, "Be divorced,"
While telling how his neighbor divorced his wife.

When his wife answered, "Why should I be?"
He called her agly³⁰ instead of ugly.

In fact, his intention was to divorce her
Because he was tied to her with cords, like snakes.
He was hissing like a snake.

**Burn all possessions and boundaries.
Free yourself from the fire of Zoraster.**

It is enough.

Talk less. Write less.

The book of soul is enough for a headline.



27.

Verse 361

Who is the one who is not a slave,
A servant to your order?
Who is the one who is not drunk after seeing your face?

Show me someone who is in trouble
Whose trouble is not yours.
Or, show me a joy which is not created
With your hope.

Show me a stingy one whose hand has been closed
By anyone but you.
Show me some kind one
Who does favors without your wealth.

Where is a ruby lip that is not from your mine?
Where is a great one who is not your poor?

Your epithets have merged with souls.
There is not even one vessel that
Doesn't pulsate without Your order.

Those two worlds are like two hands.
You are like soul.
What could hands give besides Your favor,
Your generosity?

Whose eyes have seen any flower move
In this garden of existence
Except with the air of your wind?

The ignorant cry because of the cruelty,
The meanness of people.
Yet, people are like your sticks.

All these sticks keep moving because of you.
Every one of them is the suffering and cure
That you give.

Just like the teacher punishes the student,
Who is not under the control
Of your fate and divine judgment?

The stick hurts you like dogs.
But where is intelligence in the head of a dog
To understand your punishment?

The only way to get rid of the trouble
Which comes to a body or to avoid people's calamity
Is to beg you, to praise you.

Even if you break that stick
He has many others.
You cannot be saved by removing two or three sticks.

The one who becomes a friend to fish³¹
Has escaped from people's trouble.
But where could he escape
That is not your place?

Enough. Be silent,
Afraid of the misfortune of Jonah.
It is not your problem to fight
Against fate and destiny.



28.

Verse 376

Tercet-Bend

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Is there anyone who is not in my daily work?
Who is the one who hasn't given his soul
To the Beloved's way?

Is there any head like mine
That doesn't become drunk?
Is there any heart like mine
That doesn't cry, moan and groan?

I turned around the whole world, searched for strangers.
In the end, I understood very well
That there are no strangers.

All these earthly works are against each other,
But all these works come from one work.

Rest assured, the one who complains
That there is no Beloved who attracts heart
Is submerged in heart, yet still looking for heart.

All customers are only one person.
Nobody has ever escaped from this bazaar.

The one who sees the essence of the rose garden
Understands that there is no thorn there.

There was a jar made of ice that contained water.
The ice melted. The jar disappeared.
They all became water. No trace is left of the jar.

All this world is a whole that cannot be divided.
There is no other string but the one in the world's harp.

Those numbers, this anxiety of paradox
Is nothing but the tricks of a deceiver,
The cheating of an impostor.

Even these words are a paradox.
There is an opposite opinion of that.
But the words that come from the tongue
Are like a pair of compasses.

It is the same to be able or not.
There is no strength even to talk.

Since you have become drunk, stay here, don't leave.
Because here is a meadow, a rose garden,
Not an empty, straight road.

Another thief comes across, steals your belt.
Don't think you are the only pickpocket.

There is no number for the points of the heart,
But they appear crooked.
In fact, this appearance is because of the eye,
Not the face.

Since order came from the wanted,
Command has arrived.
Attributes are hidden,
Have disappeared from the eye.

Once more Joseph of beauty came close,
Once more pulled the chains
Of hundreds of Zelihas.

Even the moon tears its clothes
When it sees that beauty's work bench.
Even the sky yells, "Isn't there any more?"³²

All the world has become a salt mine
In order to purify the clean ones and the carcasses.
The whole universe has turned into a salt mine.

Reason has broken pencils once more.
Once more, love has torn his collar.

Zeliha has done the thing
That nobody else has ever done.
She sold her ownership that bought one slave.

You became drunk. You ought to give kisses.
Give a kiss to that lip, that lip that drank wine.

You are very pleasant, very beautiful.
God saves you from evil eyes.
How lucky the eye is that has seen your face.

To see your face is a very rare thing.
How lucky is the ear that has heard your name.

Sparks of your glass have covered the universe.
The uproar of the morning of the last day of judgment
Has arisen.

They cannot find reasoning for even a cure.
That reasoning and another two hundred reasonings
Have disappeared.

The arrow that jumped
Out of the bow of the war's hero
Flies toward the target, never comes back.

When the hoopee of soul leaves his cage,
He will fly to the throne of God.

The soul picks up his sword, his shroud
To go to the side of the Kaiser
At the great strong mansion.

Heart is freed from every annoying thought,
Is saved from every thorn which gets stuck in his feet.

Heart is kept turning because of Him.
Moon tells Him, "Every part of Us
Has festivities because of you."

The Tercî-Bend is finished.
My heart is jumping, but my Beauty
Gives me enough power to continue to talk.

When he drinks this glass,
I offer another glass to him.
I won't leave him sober.

I bought him from the land of absence with gold.
How can I leave him without meals and wine.

I offer free sherbet and milk,
But I won't squeeze him like a grape.

I kiss his head like mine.
I scratch his head like my head.

He is my soul, the cheer and pleasure of my soul.
I won't consider him an enemy.
I won't feel strange about him.

While I was ignoring his insolent words
Because of my love, how could I beat him?

Even the four seasons took their footprints
And ran away. I stand for all of them.
I am a substitute for four of them.

I am his guide, his friend in travels,
His cupbearer, his wine maker at early dawn.

What are those words of nonsense
About gold and silver?
With my favor and kindness
I am a sack full of gold for him.

He became tongue-tied, but I do that to him saying,
"I am tongue-tied, you'd better talk."

If he stays silent, keeps his mouth closed,
I will be his speaker, his translator.

If he gets tired, feels anxiety,
I will fan him, cool him.

If he wants to look at the land of Absence,
I will be his mirror.
I'll become face and eyes for him.

If he puts his face to the ground like Abu Turab,³³
I'll make all the world a tulip garden, a rose garden.

If he goes to the garden of soul,
I will become jasmine for him,
Turn into a meadow and rose garden.

O my soul, the turn for the Tercî has come.
O my sea, scatter pearl, become rough.

It is time for dawn, O our cupbearer, drink. Drink.
O our beauty
Whose face makes our heart like a rough sea!

Your red wine resembles a tiger.
The worm of grief is like a rat in his hand.

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When he goes to the garden of mind,
The mansion of brain,
Reason falls from the roof, upside-down.

When he grabs and pulls the ear of mind to himself.
Mind cries with pain, "Oh my ear. Oh my ear."

The Beloved tells him to get up, prostrate to soul,
Fall down at the feet of that Beauty who scatters wine.

Reason asks, "Who came? I didn't see him."
He answers, "You were sleeping last night.
You were sleeping."

The lover comes like a blind drunk to him
In order not to get a smell
From the Beloved's cleansing, purifying.

Love yells at the top of his voice
In the land of Absence,
But the animal doesn't hear that roar.

The city is filled with the sounds of donkeys and oxen.
Wild animals roar at the top of mountains.

When the Turk drinks one glass, mount the horse.
With the second glass, ride and gallop the horse.

If you are filled with everlasting wine
You don't ever see an empty glass.

All the lifeless ones give you greeting.
They will tell secrets
Just like you are telling yourself.

When soul takes you in his arms with love,
All the shapes and figures come to life.

The time has come. I should turn, dance.
Love also should read the gazel
Without covering his face.

He should ride the horse like a red rose
And all the flowers should follow him like soldiers.

Bring an appetizer. Sit in front of me,
O Beauty whose face is like a candle,
Whose wine turns into fire.



29.

Verse 440

Again, we've arrived at the tavern like a drunk.
Again, we are freed from the top, from the bottom.

All the drunks are beautiful.
They are all in the dance.
Beauties, clap your hands, your hands.

When your hair turns into fishing line,
The sea and fish in the sea all become drunk.

My tavern became upside-down,
So did my jar. My water bottle broke.

When the cupbearer saw this confusion,
He climbed the roof and jumped down.

He became drunk from the wine
That turns existence into non-existence
And makes non-existence exist.

He broke the glass, scattered the pieces all around,
Hurt so many businessmen's feet.

Who could differentiate his feet from his head?
He became drunk
And fell down at Elest's place.

All the wine worshippers are at the carousal
Of the world of pleasure.
O one who worships flesh,
Hear the voice of *ten-teniten*.



30.

Verse 449³⁴

Somebody said, "Hodja Senai has died."
The death of such a hodja is not a small thing.

He wasn't a small piece of straw
That the wind could blow away.
He wasn't water that, when winter comes,
He would be frozen.

He wasn't a comb
That could be broken with one piece of hair.
He wasn't a seed that the earth could squeeze
And stop from growing.

He was a treasure of gold in the land of mud.
He would sell these two worlds for a grain of barley.

He threw this mud of flesh to earth,
Took the soul and mind up to the sky.

He submitted the second soul to the Beloved's order.
We say that so the people don't understand.

When clear, pure wine has sediment,
It ascends to the top of the jar,
Is separated from the sediment
Which goes to the bottom.

My friend, one person from Marag, another from Rey,
One from the land of Rum and a Kurt
All meet on a journey.

At the end of the journey they separate,
And everybody goes to his own home.
Does satin do the same with an ordinary garment?

Be silent like a dot. Otherwise,
The sultan will erase your name
From the book of speech.



31.

Verse 459

Somebody said, "Hodja Senai has died."
It is not a small thing, the death of such a hodja.

He gave the shell which came from earth to earth.
He surrendered the soul which came from nature
To heaven.

His essence that resembles the moon
Is separated from the dust and dirt.
His water of life is purified from turbid water.

Sunlight has left the body.
Everything that has been deprived of the sun
Has become frozen.

Real grape went to the tavern
Because death has crushed
The hanging branch of body.

Soul completely changed to sun.
It is not right to consider
That the one who turned to soul is dead.

Your essence is very beautiful.
Flesh is the only thing that dies.
At the very most, the Beloved will take it away.

Leave the flesh. Look at the essence.
Or, listen to the story of the Turk and Kurd.

In order to steal the Turk's wallet,
The Kurd put on a mantle,
Combed his hair and mustache.



32.

Verse 468

Ⓔ Soul's army came from the land of heart,
Oblivious that at the same time
A concealed army came.

The ones who tear dresses came from soul's road.
They tear the clothes of my patience.

Soul's brides threw their dresses with veils
And started searching for the sultan of earth.

They came like a beautiful torrent
From the land of absence to the land of presence.

The shape of heart broke all the shapes.
The ones behind the curtain came to conquer the land.

The ones open were concealed.
The secret ones came openly.

The one who has a sign or trace became traceless.
The one who doesn't gained sign and trace.



33.

Verse 475

You are giving more than enough divine light
That grows, develops everything.

Look around like the sun, warmly.
Everything is frozen.
You look so that they can be melted.

O spring, trees are all turning yellow,
Withered from that crazy winter.

Open your lips and say Jesus' prayer,
Because all creatures have died
By the cruelty of Deccal.³⁵

Today, relieve everyone from the hangover,
Because everyone once tasted your wine.

They all drink the poison of absence.
Give them the antidote of immortality.

Tear the curtain of night like dawn,
Because all of them
Have been hidden under two hundred curtains.

Be silent. It is enough.
Don't have a hundred tongues,
Because they haven't brought even one ear.



34.

Verse 483

You are a branch of the rose.
The garden is green and cheerful because of you.
The wind is the only thing
That could match you in this game.

The wine resembles the Archangel Gabriel.
You are like Mary.
The rose-faced Jesus was born from them.

The play of you both is the key to immortality.
God bless both in this play.

The place that your ancestors set the throne
Is the best corner of the mind.
That throne is the place of Keykubad.

Every fruit comes from a different branch.
They all go into the stomach,
Because they grow in the world
Of growth and decay.

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But our blessings come from the creator.
For that reason they don't mix with sleep or meals.

The lot of every tribe comes
From a different garden.
O Beloved, whose favor is so much,
Your table is so great!

The lot of destiny
Is to go and look for fortune.
That is better than old rubbish
Horac-merzad, Horac-merzad.³⁶

Enough! Because a breeze comes
To heart from the divine light
Of the One who gives birth to those who are born.



35.

Verse 492

The one who runs away from lovers
Will be sorry once more, my hodja.

How lucky is that soul
Who is turned toward the water of life.

In the end, the one who carries your jar
Will enter your private drinking place.

Even if he turned into a sea or an ocean
Because of you,
Still, human understanding is very narrow.

Go. Find the place in the heart
Of the one who understands.
Even a drop becomes a pearl or coral in the sea.

Every particle moves with its own origin.
Whoever inclines to someone becomes the same.

If a hundred-year-old unbeliever sees you,
Prostrate and become Moslem, immediately.

With the attraction of liking and desiring,
Soul and heart acquire the attributes
Of the charmer, become like the Beloved.

Even the sharp thorn on the way of the lover
At the end becomes a rose garden.

Stop talking. Put your mind into your head.
Otherwise, your heart becomes utterly confused.



36.

Verse 502

Ⓔince a tress of your hair pulls my heart,
My Joseph got out of the well, ran to the meadow.

The one who pushed me into the well,
Like Joseph, comes to help me out.

When you dropped the rope of favor in the well
Roses were grown at the heart's garden.

Even the Kaiser's heart turned to the well
From his mansion, because the well
Became heaven, a beautiful palace.

"O well," I asked,
"What has happened to your darkness?"
"The sun looked at me," he answered.

"Whatever has been frozen has warmed up now.
Love's fire doesn't leave frost."

He is Kaiser of Rum, attached to Negroes.
He is such a brave, peerless hero.

The light of heart is reflected on hell.
That light is full, but hell asked if there was more.³⁷

Hell said, "Offer me a soul, a kind soul
So I can assimilate the one
Who is separated from God."

O sea of favor, pass over this fire.
Otherwise, I am dead, my heart is gone.
I will become frozen.

He said, "O fire, give me my people.
God chose them."

Fire gave them, one by one, to him.
"Your fire is saved from my divine light."

Shemseddin's face shines from Tebriz.
The key of earthly light
Is, as a matter of fact, the sun.



37.

Verse 515

It is nice for a friend to know suffering.
It is better for aloe wood to be in the fire.

It is hard to drink the glass of grief,
But if it comes from the hand
Of the Beloved, it is all right.

If poison is offered with the glass
That is embroidered by kindness and favor,
Don't hesitate, drink it.

Don't worry if there is a fire beneath.
Love is like Abraham; bring it forward.

Fire cools off in front of Abraham,
Changes into a beautiful willow tree,
Becomes rose and jasmine.

Be a ball to His club so the sky
Will be rolled to your feet.

Even if it falls in sorrow,
Runs from one place to the other,
That ball still keeps rolling and bouncing.

In short, "His ball" is the first of the square,
And he is the Kible to every moon-faced cavalryman.

When you are cut and polished completely,
He will be free of the worry of education.

The one who is utterly confused
Doesn't mind being all over the place
In both worlds.

Shemseddin, the one who is the praise of Tebriz,
Your earth is neither in the five senses nor six dimensions.



38.

Verse 526

Why does the rose wear red dresses?
I know why.

Why does the willow stand in a line?
He does whatever his fate, destiny or God decrees.

The iris with its sword,
The jasmine in the trench
Announce the Tekbir³⁸ of war.

That rose does so much meanness
To the nightingale, so much.
The poor nightingale suffers so much, so much.

Every one of the garden's brides say,
"That rose is making signs to us."

The nightingale also says,
"The rose is playing coy for the headless, footless."

The plain tree lifts his hand and cries,
"I will tell you what he is praying.

I will tell you who is complaining next to the bud,
Who is bending the neck of the violet."

Although Autumn tormented us a lot,
Watch and see Spring's loyalties.

Spring is bringing back everything
That Autumn has looted.

It is a pretext to mention the rose,
Nightingale and garden's beauties.
The important thing is their actions.

There is the zeal of love.
Otherwise, how would language
Tell of God's favors and grace?

Shemseddin, the one who is the praise of Tebriz,
And the world are treating you with respect again.



39.

Verse 539³⁹

Joseph's shirt, Joseph's smell is coming.⁴⁰
After these two, he will come.

The smell of red wine is bringing good news.
After that, the glass is coming. Wine is coming.

Your essence that kept saying, "I am God,"⁴⁰
Became Mansur.
God's grace is coming, layer upon layer, to him.

The sea doesn't get hurt by stone throwing.
But trouble's stone is coming to the jar.

The fountain of life is beyond the heart.
Dig the river bed. Water is coming.

Pour water on this fiery body of earth.
Wind comes blowing from there.

Love and reason keep fighting at home.
The uproar is coming to the quarter, every minute.

Whatever the lover gives from his belongings,
In the end, comes back to him.

First, the bride takes many things from her husband.
But at the end, everything, including her,
Comes to him.

Didn't you ask for a meal from the sky?
Get up. Wash your hands from your self.
A meal is coming.

Give good news, O Love,
A new ayet⁴¹ is coming
From Shemseddin, from Tebriz.



40.

Verse 550

To see his face early in the morning
Relieved me of my troubles.

What kind of fire did he put in the heart of lovers?
What kind of news did he send to the secrets?

He did a favor and kindly called me to his side.
He offered a mature wine to my soul.

Souls drank the pure wine.
Bodies got the dirty water.

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Look for pure wine in souls,
Because he gave that name to flesh.

The trap for your heart is in Tebriz.
Search for mercy in that trap.



41.

Verse 556

 h, what was in that bright candle
That put fire in the heart, grabbed it and ran?

O one who put fire in my heart,
I am burned, beloved, come. Come quickly.

The shape of heart is not the shape of the creature.
God's beauty is manifest
On the surface of the heart.

There is no cure for me but his sugar.
Nothing else will be good for me but his lips.

Remember, one early morning my heart
Unfastened the tie of your hair.

My soul saw you earlier
And heard some words from your soul.

My heart has drunk from your fountain
And submerged.
The torrent has carried me, the torrent.



42.

Verse 563

The fire of your love became a guide last night
So my heart found the beloved
Who enlightens beauties.

The Beloved talked to me last night.
His hot breath burned my lungs.

What can I say about his breath, his deceit?
Really, he is far ahead of everyone in trickery.

My heart was naive, didn't know of tricks and deceit.
After seeing your deceit,
It learned all the bad things.

Every kind of pleasure that comes from lust
Causes itching like cheese for scabies.

Ah, last night passed with the same promise,
"I will give a kiss. I will."
Then morning came.

The naked beloved was inclined to dress.
And reason once more started sewing his girdle.



43.

Verse 570

*L*ove has chosen me from among the others,
Has come and bitten my cheek like a drunk.

Thank God that I sustained a unique
Peerless knife wound from Ca'feri's gold mine.

If I have an air of greatness about my head,
It is also from the breath he blew on me.

He turned my eyes to the moon.
That dome of sky put a veil of sky
To my eyes.

Wine is abundant, but there isn't even one glass.
Kisses come one after another,
But there are no lips around.

O the night of disbelief
Becomes a day of faith with your moon,
O one whose breath turns Yeziz to Beyazid.⁴²

Where is the dog of self?
Even if all the world becomes self,
The lips of the sea
Won't be dirty because of the dog.

God's lock shed lots of blood before,
But the key has arrived. We shed blood now.

In order for the one who becomes martyred
And the auspicious one to reach the same level,
Soul kills the flesh happily.

Even if he is freed from the dog of flesh,
None of the prey would be saved from that hunter.

The beloved who rejuvenates a senile old man
Is able to bring life to thousands of dried skeletons.

O dead body, rise!
They blow the trumpet of the last day of judgment
From the throne of God.

Be silent. Listen to the drum of silent ones.
God gives you strength and power with new life.



44.

Verse 583

With whom was this fighter-heart fighting
Last night?
Whose punch made his heart black and blue?

That hungry heart drank seven more glasses
Than the others, with the love of wine.

He became drunk, clapping his hands and asking,
“Who has stolen my sleep?”
He fell to the ground in the neighborhood.

The watchmen came and took his clothes off.
Then another came and unfastened his belt.

Then someone who plays the harp
Arrived and fondled the string.

That heart which doesn't have
The warp and woof that has no dimension,
Woke from sleep and jumped up.

When he noticed his clothes were gone,
He sobered.

When he saw his losses,
His desire for profit ceased.

When the cupbearer saw him falling into the fire,
He grabbed a glass and ran toward him, like smoke.

He poured the wine which cheers the heart
Into his grief, then kingdom showed its face to him.

Since he found the fate of immortality,
He doesn't care about his stolen clothes.
He has seen the pleasure of absence,
Why should he look for existence?

The ruined world is helal⁴³ for the owl.
Hundreds of Saturdays would be for Hebrews.

We have fallen. We are the masters of the tavern.
Fill up the glass, come, offer it to us soon.

The sounds of bayram's drum
Comes to the ear from there.
Aloe wood yells and cries in the fire.

Enough. Be silent.
Cover your face with love's veil.
Because, beautiful charmer, there
Are thousands of jealous ones around.



45.

Verse 598

The soul which has devoted himself to the tavern
Is life in the spring. Come to your senses.
Life became sober like this.

The soul is holding my hand in this world.
The eyes of earth pay attention to my words.

Heart suddenly came and sat in front of me.
He was frowning.
He was tired, looked like he was sick.

He held my hand, put it to his head.
“O one who tried to help his troubled friend,”
He said.

“My headache is neither from bile, nor from fever.
My head is so drunk because of love’s wine.”

My soul turned into a tambour⁴⁴ from his cries.
Hear the situation of my heart
From the sounds of the strings.

O one whose sugar caught my heart,
All these are pretexts. His purpose is only you.



46.

Verse 605

What are the new sounds, the new ways?
Play me the tune of the Beloved
Who has no beginning to his origin.

Pull Pharoah's fire from the sea water.
Throw the throne of Nemrud to the fire.

Don't attribute divinity to the whirling sky.
Don't assume that the stars and moon
Have any control of fate and destiny.

You are the Sun of Suns.
This sun which keeps turning in the sky
Is nothing but a lame donkey. Its head is tied.

The wind recognized Him, knows His place.
For that reason, the wind
Is not as needy as a piece of straw.

The piece of straw pays attention, because the wind
Is what pulls him to the desert or cave.

The stone stayed confused in that water,
Kept moving its ears inside of the torrent.

Our goodness, our badness are not from us.
We are like a harp. Our hearts are the strings.

Sometimes you play a new and pleasant tune.
Sometimes you start a dry, ugly one.

Even if you don't play this harp,
It is still all right if you put it on your arm.

But if you caress it, it is "The glory above glory."⁴⁵
Wine is good, but better in the springtime.

Everybody's halter is in the hand of love.
We are drunk camels under his load.

You either dress like a lion
From whom people will run away
Or like the prey that runs away from him.

Or, you appear like water so that people
Will run to Him when thirsty, giving their lives.



47.

Verse 619

Is there anybody clean and beautiful
Who will look at the sky?

Is there anyone who is purified from mud
Who will watch the sea?

Or step on the mountain of Kafdag⁴⁶
And see the tip of the phoenix's wing?

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When eyes become drunk from the sun,
Looks and sight lose their hands and feet.

Is there anyone who benefits from the light of love
Who constantly looks from there?

Water is purified with water.
Sight is also regulated by sight.

Turn completely into sight because that is
The only thing that finds its way to God's door.



48.

Verse 626

I am your drunk, not from wine or opium.
It is time to embrace. Come to where we embrace.

Jump like a tree in spring, like wine.
Settle on one coast as a drunk.

The quiet, fresh branch grabbed about,
Found an arm because of the wind,
And started to move restlessly like me.

That news reached the beauties
Of the land of Absence,
So hundreds of peerless beauties came.

The tulip who has reddened his cheek
Came from the mountain.
The hyacinth came from the meadow with muddy feet.

The iris, with sword, the jasmine
With shield and greenery
Came on foot.
The fresh rose with the horse arrived.

Hazelnut and poppy came to the valley.
Mint and cress came down to the river bed.

The irrigation canal of greenery is different
In order to get help from the friend's friend.

All helva makers open their stores
Full of sugars and pistachios.

The fruit vendors scatter fruit
To the top of every hill, beat drums.

But you talk about the rose
Because the rose has his color.
Tell about fragrance because the beloved is a fairy.

The nightingale, dove and hundreds of other birds
Arrived at the garden to visit.

I keep silent like your narcissus eyes now
And listen to the sermons of birds
In the garden and meadow.



49.

Verse 639

Open the door. Another immature person comes.
Offer him two or three glasses.

We've arrived at the end of the road.
Take three or four steps,
Be our company a little longer.

How do you feel on this journey?
There is new trouble, a new trap at every step.

But the mine of honey doesn't care for all of this.
O my beauty, you have three hundred more names
Besides that.

You have closed the door and roof of the palace.
But that command came from the other roof.

Even if you climb the hump of sky,
Fate and destiny give you another hump.

O my beauty, you grant me hundreds
Of my heart's wishes, but heart has another wish.

O one whose face and cheek
Become another land of Rum,
O one whose hair, divided in the middle,
Turns into another land of Damascus!

Go to such a land of Rum, such a Damascus
So that another kingdom will be subjugated to you.

Your favor has spread to everyone and everything
Like the sun.

You assume I am another thing.
Do also a favor for me.

Every dawn the sun puts his head on the floor
Of your temple and begs to be accepted by you.

Every moment a new greeting comes to you
And your surroundings from the throne of God.

A new bit of news comes to the one who
Is on the way to God at the time of joy and grief.

This joy and grief are the halters of the heart.
But God's camel has another halter.

How sweet is that moment when I close my mouth.
I hear another word from soul.

I pack my load here, carry it to the other side.
I see a new order there.

Life and the pleasures of earth become Haram⁴⁷
For me so that I see another "Beyt-ul Haram."⁴⁸

It is amazing that, when my heart's jar is broken,
That wine becomes more mature, more tasteful.

Don't repent because you are not completed.
There is another completion
After you are completed.

Enough. I'll keep silent.
Yet, O friend, you said,
"One, two, three lim.
One, two, three lam."⁴⁹



50.

Verse 559

Feel sorry for me. Cure my disease.
Even if I am sore all over,
Give me the salve of patience.

If you constantly give me poison,
Make me swim in venom.

Even then, submerge my poison in sugar,
Make me swim in sweets.

Even if the sea is as bitter as poison,
The shell will protect the pearl's life.

Although the sour-faced cloud increases sorrow,
You give the sustenance of the good news of rain.

A mother is compassion from head to toe,
But watch God's compassion in the father's suffering.

It is necessary to put a new salve
On the eyes of heart.

Otherwise, how does the eye
Know the way of salve?

There was an old house of a poor one
At the quarter of Basra⁵⁰ during the Omer⁵¹ period.

He was destitute, broke, had many children,
Each one in worse shape than the other.

Every one of them is known as a beggar.
People were tired of their begging.

Moonlight used to be their blanket.
In the morning they used to wander there and there.

If I tell of their poverty, either the grief in your heart
Or the pain in your head will get worse.

A wealthy sultan went hunting.
Afterward he stopped at their house.

He was thirsty, knocked on the door
And asked for water.
An orphan came to the door.

He said, "There is water, but no jar."
In fact, fear is the water of orphans.

When the sultan was killing time there,
An army came.

They all crowded around him
Like stars around the moon.

The sultan said, "Everyone of you
Gave these people gold in my honor."

By the means of the sultan's power
That house turned into a treasury.
Every corner was enlightened, every place adorned.

This news was heard in the town.
An uproar was raised, everybody
Kept coming, one after the other.

Somebody said, "O penniless one,
One day has passed."

Yesterday, your situation was like
Everybody's observation "Kun-feyakun."⁵²
No one can get that luck within a day.



51.

Verse 682

○ peerless beauty, you are the master of the tavern.
The tavern is so restless because of you.

The tavern is all ruined because of you.
All the secrets are open to you.

The soul devotes itself to the tavern and a happy life,
Come to your senses, life becomes sober like this.

The soul is holding my hand in this world.
Earth's eyes pay attention to my words.

The dirt on your hand is salve to my eyes.
Your promise is a ring to my ear.

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Pour old wine to lovers.
Draw a brand new picture for the heart of lovers.

Take away this fake, temporary glass.
Bring our manly, real glass.

Pour the fire of wine on the head of reluctance.
Pity the situation of the reluctant ascetic.

When God serves eternal wine,
Brave ones will drink that godly wine.

The soul will grow and develop with the wine
Of "God will make them drink a pure drink."⁵³



52.

Verse 692

○ that sour-faced hodja came.
He became sour-faced, like vinegar, and left.

How amazing that he shows his sour face to everyone.
I wonder if maybe he looks good to others
And just shows his sour face to us.

But to be good to everyone and only
Make a sour face at me?
This is not up to hodja's standard.

Besides that, it would be a pity
If his beautiful face remained sour.

Wherever there is grief, it becomes joyful
Because of your face.
Wherever there is sour, it becomes
Sweet because of your favor, O my beauty.

What a cheerful, happy moment it is
When the Beloved smiles under his lips.
Lala⁵⁴ kept a sour face.

If you frown, have a sour face today,
Promise you will be different tomorrow.

For God's sake, don't make a new rule.
Is it possible that halva becomes sour?

That kind of sour face is in the well, in the jail.
Who has ever seen a garden, meadow,
Fun or excursion look sour?

Joseph of beauty, that rose, didn't make his face sour
Even when he was in the dungeon.

Even the wall and door started talking,
"O our sultan,
O our master, why is your face not sour?"

He answered, "Even when I am submerged in vinegar,
Favor comes from the heights, doesn't leave me."

He gives me love. That love becomes my friend,
My acquaintance. All sourness turns into wine.

Soul becomes drunk, claps his hands,
Walks to the right,
There is no sourness there.⁵⁵

Enough. Be silent, swim in honey and sugar,
Because the favor of the kind one will never leave you sour.



53.

Verse 707

○ sultan of the East and West, no peer of yours
Has ever been created in this world.

O cupbearer of every cautious one,
Offer us pure wine of the sultan of sultans.

Offer the glass of word, that glass
That makes a senile lisp the perfect speaker.

You are the One who rules souls.
You are the absolute Sultan. Catch thought
And pull it toward the door of confusion.

When the paradise of your beauty appears once,
Even hell will look like heaven for bad people.

If you run away, nobody will be able to reach you.
But if we try to run, you are always ahead of us.

The darkness is bewildered by you.
So is the brightness.
Either you are God or the divine light of God.

Now evening is covered with light; so is morning.
Your moon is neither in the East nor the West.

You beg, offer free wine. You are a generous Cupbearer
With a temper like the sea.

It is necessary to always be like death,
To have a pure heart.
It is stupid to have a smart mind, my hodja.

To contemplate, if souls have ease,
Reason won't look for music and wine.

If you are me, why are you away from me?
If you are Vanik, why are you acting like Azra?⁵⁷

You are closing your eyes to the rose like a bud.
You deserve to pull thorns.

Since you are in love with the rose garden of soul,
Anybody besides you, even if they are sultan,
Only pulls thorns.

Be silent. Watch the opening door.
How long will you be running
After every unintelligible word?



54.

Verse 722

Tell the truth for the sake of your soul, your head.
Why are you so unique in beauty and talent?

There is no separation for the day of union
Which your sun-looking face offers.

In order to reach your faithfulness, I close my heart
To everyone. I will pull everyone from my heart
And wear the belt of zeal.

But, if you tell me to, "Go away, be patient,"
That I cannot do.
I won't be able to obey that order.

O beloved, separation is very hard,
Especially after all these kisses and embraces.

Mind and soul resemble mother and father
Yet, you are both. How can I rebel against you?

When the land of Rum sighs, "Ah," with your love,
Its smokes goes to Damascus, to Iraq.

You are the beauty of moon-faced sweet lips,
Silver-legged, behind the curtain of the lover's heart.

All of them are playing at the grass of your favor,
The garden of your kindness.
Drink from the glass of truth and rightness.

They all keep clapping their hands and saying, jokingly,
"This is the fame, the glory. This is world and soul."⁵⁷

Good news to the one
Who has stolen the gold of the thief.
Good news to the one who has divorced his wife.

Especially good news to the one who has given up
The whole world and has become completely alone.

In short, love offers gifts to that kind of person
The way Burak was brought in front of Mohammed.

The Burak of heart quickly grabbed him
And ascended above layer upon layer of sky.

You say the rest of it for the sake of your heart and soul.
I have run out of breath because of longing.

Your straight and crooked words I have said,
Because you are the engineer.
I am just an ordinary laborer.



55.

Verse 738

Repentance starts a journey with lame feet.
Patience falls in that narrow well, face down.

When that harp starts a *terenga-tereng* melody,
Nobody stays but me and the cupbearer.

When reason sees that, while fighting
With the insane heart, it jumps up and runs away.

The head of the table at the tavern is the one
Who is freed from the place at the head of the table
From name, fame, shame and modesty.

The one who purified his heart from thoughts
Reached the place that resembles the person
Who made an oar out of an alligator leg and rowed his boat.

The one who has a temptation for gold as small as barley
Is a donkey with saddle and halter.

You are my friend.
Give up, sell this donkey.
Be sound, be free, be saved.

If you are stupid, hang onto the tail of the donkey.
Go with it. The key always goes with the bolt and lock.

O Jesus, don't tell the secret to donkeys.
Keep drinking wine from the hand of the charming cupbearer.



56.

Verse 747

The one who has not fallen in love is only a piece
Of straw, dirt and stone in front of God's throne.

Love springs water from every stone.
Love cleans dirt and rust from the mirror.

Impiousness came to fight faith for peace.
But love threw the fight and peace to the fire.

When love raises his head from the sea of love,
It swallows both worlds, like an alligator.

Love is neither deceit nor tricks.
It becomes neither like a fox nor a tiger.

When help comes from love, one after the other
The soul will be free from this dark, narrow body.

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Love is confusion right at the beginning.
Reason becomes confused in front of love.
Soul becomes a silly fool.

An early morning breeze, my heart is in Tebriz.
Announce it to our servitude.



57.

Verse 755

Once more we came to the beloved.
We have reached the peerless beloved
By gazing at him with admiration.

We came next to the treasurer like a snake,
Putting our head to the ground, prostrating.

The smell of musk came from the gazelle.
We set a trap, but we were the hunted.

The trap that humans set is not up to his prey.
If so, why did we come here?

Last year, the heart which was broken to pieces
Had seen your violent beauty.
This year, also, we come to covet, desire
And see the same.

O absolute Being, don't ignore us,
Because we gave up our existence, totally.

We came like stars, scattering blaze
To the Satan of infidelity.⁵⁸

We came like the birds of Ebabil⁵⁹
Throwing stones to the elephant of greatness⁶⁰
To finish them all.

We came with a plate full of silver
To scatter to lovers as a wedding gift.



58.

Verse 764

My heart became the land of love with your love.
My heart has gone everywhere searching for you.

My heart kept looking at the sky,
Searching for the beloved whose face
Is like the moon, whose cheeks are like Venus.

I have been floored by your sorrow.
Fate helped me so that afterwards
My heart rose above the clean ceiling.

Ah, what has happened today to my heart?
What did somebody say yesterday to my heart?

He talks to my heart by the demand of love's pearl.
And my heart rose, became rough like a storm at sea.

Morning came and tore the carshaf⁶¹ of evening.
My heart rejoiced after that.

So many secret meanings and signs come
From your heart to mine.
There is a road from your heart to my heart.

If you don't pity my heart
Alas, my heart, my heart, my heart.

O Tebriz, when will my heart
Go to the star of Pleiades
With the longing of Shemseddin?



59.

Verse 773

In early dawn the beloved came
And sat on my lap like a drunk.

He was mad, started to argue,
"You are an idol," he said, "I am Azer."

You are flying with two wings.
I fly with two hundred.
You are more beautiful than two persons.
I am more than two hundred.

If I sit at a lower level than you,
That's because of my kindness.
I am much better than experts and others.

One of my glasses is equivalent to twenty of yours.
It is necessary to understand that I am different.

My *sagarak*⁶² is full to the rim.
Other's are half that.
My heart and soul are very big,
But my body is very lean.

Head's eyes cannot see my face,
Because I don't belong on this side.
I am from the other side.

I am hidden in the heart.
The heart is secret anyway.
For that reason I am a pearl
Hidden between two shells.

If you drink one more glass from me,
I will drink two hundred more jars from you.

If you run like a goat
And jump over two hundred mountains,
I will split the belly of the mountain and the goat.

The moon can't reach me when I run.
When I jump, the sky becomes my vault of heaven.

When I grab my arm,
The sun becomes my dagger.

Since you haven't gotten wet from my Kevser,⁶³
My gazel looks dry to you.

I am not blind, but I have that simya.⁶⁴
For that reason I am buying this counterfeit money.

My broken pieces deserve to belong to the beloved.
My whole bit deserves that, too.
Grief doesn't eat me, nor do I eat grief.



60.

Verse 788

☪ brave one, who has clean, fresh breath,
Who has put his feet down. You've come
To warn and advise the people.

You won't put your head on eternal love's paper
Without the order of that heart-like pen.

We are moving, dancing like a flag on your wind
With the joy of your kindness.

O hodja, where are you going
With that smiling and playing?
Where am I going? To the place
That opens to the land of absence.

Hodja, tell us what absence that absence is?
Only the ear which has no beginning of the beginning
Can understand the word
That has no beginning of the beginning.

Love is bizarre; so is its language,
Just like a strange Arab is
Among people who don't speak Arabic.

Get up. I will tell you a story.
No more, no less will you hear from me.

Listen to this strange story.
The story is strange, so is the one who tells it.

The bottom of the well was enlightened
Because of Joseph.
It became auspicious like the garden of Eden.

Joseph who had been jailed with disgrace
Kept looking at that great, glorious sky.

That dungeon turned into a mansion,
The surrounding garden and meadows
Became paradise, with terraces, halls and harems,

Just like throwing a stone in the water makes waves,
And those waves hit the shore in circles.

Like a cloudy evening, the morning sun
Comes out from the well of sorrow, suddenly,

Like the Arab who drinks wine
And says, "God bless its jar,"
Then accepts it and goes along with the rule.

O reason, don't hold my mouth
Because of your greed.
God has become my witness. Count all blessings.

The tree drinks water secretly,
But that secret shows on its branches and leaves.

Whatever earth steals from the sky
It gives back, breath by breath, every spring.

Either you have stolen beads or pearls,
Or you hold the flag or pen.

Night has passed. Here, morning has arrived.
When the sleeper wakes up,
He will see how he became hamamci.⁶⁵



61.

Verse 807

We came to see you again.
Once more we have reached your sea.

The torrent of your sorrow
Has carried away the house of heart.
We came quickly to your valley again.

Our head is the kitchen of your love.
We came close to your love again.

You dropped hundreds of ropes in the well.
At the end we came to greatness again.

The sound of the shrill pipe came to soul.
We went behind your shrill pipe again.



62.

Verse 812

How many dresses have I measured and sewn
For the stature of heart?
How many torches have I lit?

What a marvelous turn I taught the old firmament
Which hasn't stopped and rested.

The treasure of favor and kindness became a stage for me.
I have paid the debt of the poor
With my favor and kindness.

In short, all my words are nothing but these words:
I am burned, burned, burned.⁶⁶

I am pure and clean like a candle.
Whatever I have accumulated
I have melted, poured it all.

Enough. I have forced so many secrets
That belong to the Jesus of soul
Into the heart and ear of a donkey.

Enough. Because deficiency appears soon after completion.
Be silent so that charming beauty doesn't say, "Enough."



63.

Verse 819

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Sometime I will have you read Fatiha.
Then I'll make you a sultan of the earth.

You have become worn out with our trouble.
But don't be afraid, old man.
Come, I will rejuvenate you.

If your soul has gone, don't worry.
I will make you commander of the camp of soul.

The things that I haven't been able to even hint to you
I will open and tell all the impossible parts.

I will show you the way to the foundation of foundations.
What is the road? I will turn you into paradise.

Now you resemble Kelim,⁶⁷ constantly objecting.
But I will explain. I will change you to Hizer.⁶⁸



64.

Verse 825

The darkness of night is like a light
Comparing my own darkness.
Moonlight is from the light of my union.

All my mistakes, denials and crimes
Have become peals of worship, jewels of obedience
Because of that chemistry.

Even the skies have fallen into the temptation
Of watching my skies.

O my sun-faced beauty who is at my sign.
O sultan of soul! O my beauty
Who checkmates the Shah!⁶⁹



65.

Verse 829

A voice comes from my heart, my soul.
Sometimes this voice comes from my hidden beloved.

He is the one who is my foundation
And the one who later joined me to prostrate.
He became a crown for my head. He is my sultan.

My heart, my hands are all tied and tired.
So are the sorrowful hands of Joseph of Canaan.

I showed my hand and asked,
"Whose wound is this?"
He said, "Those wounds are opened
By me and my tricks."

I showed my heart, "Look," I said,
"It is full of blood."
My heart-catching beauty smiled.

Then he said he was sacrificed
To my bairam.⁷⁰ Be grateful.

"Whose sacrifice am I?" I asked.
"Beloved, you are mine, mine, mine." he said.

When morning arrived, smiling,
Tears came from my eyes.
My sultan has seen my crying eyes.

Because of his protection, my fountain
Of life overflowed, water started to run.

Right here, watch the fountain of life's sign
At the bottom of my two thirsty feet.

The fountain of life is flowing
From the throne of God.
The tree of my faith is fresh from that water.

I am a slave, a servant to this water
And to the One who owns this water,
But my admiring heart is worse than I am,
Has become even more of a servant and slave.

Enough. Don't walk insolently.
Put your mind into your head.
Be silent at the temple of the sultan of sultans
Who knows all the secrets.



66.

Verse 842

Night is full of deceitful beauties.
Venus is playing the melodies of charming beauties.

When Mars saw the party drunk with joy,
He started to put his dagger in his belt.

The moon flutters its wings like a rooster.
Stars resemble chickens in the front and back of it.

The firmament is covering the eyes of the informer
In order to stop him from testifying against clean people.

One group of people fall asleep.
The other group keeps hunting.
Let's see which one will benefit.

Tonight the dice of gambling is penc-u-ses.⁷¹
Don't hang down your face like bad people.

Pick up the glass of immortality.
Leave the glass of sleep.
Sleep is a curtain, an obvious curtain.

Lovers are happy with the cupbearer of immortality.
Dirt to the heads of the ones who were left behind.

Drink from his talented hand, even if it is poison
And become the master of halva makers.

Love resembles essence.
The interior world is like a shell.
Love is like halva.
The world resembles a sauce pan.

My throat is burned in order
Not to tell the taste of halva.



67.

Verse 853

O my beauty who resembles the sun!
O my real sultan, my curse, my repentance,
The truth of my essence!

In order for you to call him, "O my dancer,"
The sun keeps dancing in the dome of the sky.

Universal soul is prostrating at Your door, saying,
"My people have found their souls through You."

You are universal soul to me.
At the same time, universal intelligence and more.
You are my sea, my pearl and my diver,

My curse, a pearl of the essence of my faith,
My guilt, my adviser and my story teller.



68.

Verse 858

Since you came in an untimely fashion,
Don't sit silently.

Pick up one of these glasses that ruins the person.
Make it fall to the ground. Drink it.

Let the water that comes from the source of life
Cause greenery to grow from water
As well as from the ground.

Bring that rose-colored wine to the rose garden.
That tulip would bite the cheek of the jasmine.

Offer wine to our soul.
That soul will smile, tell jokes.

When the beloved opens his arms,
Lets his sleeves hang down,
He contemplates removing himself from that gathering.

The sword of wine will cut the neck of grief
With the fear that he would kill
This mine of beauty with hatred.

The doors and roof of the assembly yell and scream,
Saying, "O one who drinks, be cherished with coffee."

Pay attention to the circle of great ones.
Open your eyes. Watch the brightness.

If China opens his eyes and sees you,
He will notice your curly black hair
That touches fifty Chinese lands.

His joy comes, lands in the cheerful heart.
The archangel Gabriel looks for trustworthy hearts.

Enough. I will keep silent.
Give all my belongings to the cupbearer
And get a valuable pearl in return.



69.

Verse 870

O my charming beauty, fellow of my heart,
The one who takes my color, my peer,
Come closer to me.

Look at that grace that causes my heart
So much distress so I can call it,
“My distressed heart.”

I have been fighting with the heart
Just so you can call me,
“O my first servant. O my commandant.”

How long will be asking me,
“Why is your face so pale?”
It's because of your rose-face's sorrow,
O my beauty.

Last night, the cries of my body
Turned into a harp, reached the planet Venus.

Take my soul out of my body
So my soul will be free
From the shame and anxiety of existence.

My stone heart became a gold merchant
Because of the charm of your rose lips,
O my beauty.

All my struggles, because of you,
Give me peace in my soul.

If you said, "Come, my lame one,"
My feet would become faster than the wind.

In order for my lunch to become sugar,
I turn into your pile, your lunch.

You don't even care about me, yet I keep crying.
Ah, I don't know how you take care of me.
I don't know.

The darkness of grief is at the door
Of the Rum of cheer.
Rum, take my Rum away from my darkness.

I am not afraid of this late time, this long distance.
An hour's journey became a half step for me
Because of you.

My old age became better than childhood.
My wrinkled face turned into a fresh beauty.

Be silent. Admire the silent ones
So the beloved will call you, "O my silent admirer."



70.

Verse 885

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You are my soul, my soul.
You are mine, mine, mine.

You are my sultan, you deserve my love.
You are my sugar. You deserve my feet.

You are my light. Stay in my eyes.
O my eyes, O source of life's fountain.

When the rose saw you, it told the iris
That my cypress came to my rose garden today.

How are you with two scattered things?
Your hair is my confused, scattered situation.

His hair, which resembles a rope,
Is to tie my feet.
The dimple on his chin, which resembles a well,
Is my dungeon.

Where are you going
By clapping your hands like a drunk?
Come to me like a smiling rose.



71.

Verse 892

A voice came from my tavern.
The sky is folded in two by my prayer.

At the end, victory arrived.
The beloved came and asked to pay honor to me.

God, God, how does that peerless, matchless Beauty,
Offering me favors compensate for all my suffering?

He changes chemistry into worshipping,
Turns my heedlessness, my crime, my denials
Into faith.

He gives mention of every guilt which I have committed,
Gives sweets to my slipping, stumbling feet.

The heat of the day of our union
Makes the heart of sea and mountain exuberant.

If people's imagination didn't curtain the people,
They would burn from my images.

My drum, my flag, my yells and my roar
Would give an earthquake to the army of soul.

The fire of the place of my union
Sends blazes to the early dawn
From the middle of the night.



72.

Verse 901

The voice came from my tavern.
The beloved came to honor me.

When I saw my beauty
Whose face is like the moon
And whose light has no limit,
The pleasure of my prayer went into the beyond.

My souls' Moses went to Mount Sinai.
The time of my union arrived.

Sinai cried, shouted, "Who is that
Who has came to union tired and worn out?"

"That bright, clean breath struck like lightning,
And my sky is illuminated to the roof."

"His heart is our lover now, our derivative.
He is freed from my separation, my calamity."

"He came by begging and crying,
Expecting my favors, my returns."

Come close. Closer. See the dresses
I gave you. Watch my donations, my favors.

"You have been annihilated
With the desire of my union.
Now find immortal life in my existence."

Drink a glass of wine from the jar of unity.

Be drunk.

All my miracles are about the wine. Belong to the wine.

Since you come next to the sultan, be checkmated.

Be my victim. Be my victim.

O heart, since you became the sultan's checkmate,

How long will you be talking

About my worries and troubles?



73.

Verse 913

I don't go out of this house.
I made the inside of this house my place.

The place to stay is the house of my beloved.
To go out from there is for the unbeliever.

I will put my head in the place where I became drunk.
I will give my ear to the place from where this voice
Comes, "Tenen-ten tenen."

Don't tell the words that have hidden meanings.
Don't send me out. Don't cut off my way.

This is Layla's house. I am Medjnun.
My soul is here. Go away. Don't take my life.

Whoever comes to this house
Has to stay here, just like me.

Get up. Close that door.
But what's the use if the one who has broken hundreds
Gives up doors and chimneys?

How lucky is the person whose heart
Is warmed by the fire of a beauty's cheek.

Don't cover your face that resembles the moon
O my beauty, for whose face
Every man and woman is longing.

O one whose door becomes kible for everyone on trial,
Don't close the door of mercy which you have opened.

You are the candle. You are the beauty.
You are the wine.
You are the star of Canopus, at the same time,
The ruby of Yemen.⁷²

I won't be separated from you from now on.
I am your slave with an earring. I am yours.

My lion is not running away from your fire.
My elephant is not afraid of your rhinoceros.

You are a rose. I am always your thorn.
There won't be any rose without a thorn
In the meadow.

I am night. You are the moon.
I am enlightened by you.
You are the soul of night.
Don't take night out of your heart.

Your candle burned my soul
Which resembles a moth.
In gratefulness for that, I would put
My head to the basin and come to your temple.

Your soul and my soul are one.
One soul is hidden in two bodies.

Your soul and my soul are one sun,
And a thousand communities are enlightened
By that sun.

When soul comes to your temple,
He bends double, freed from confusion.

I shut my mouth because of my jealousy.
You say, "Silence," to the musician of lovers.

The land of Tebriz and Shemseddin's face
Resemble Aden's sea to the fish of soul.



74.

Verse 934

My agile beloved whose heart is beautiful
Drinks sedimented wine.
My fearless, careless beauty came as a drunk.

O my lover who is drawn into grief,
Look at my cheer in your heart.
Never look at yourself.

Your eyes are filled with dirt and water.
Your eyes are purified by my clean looks.

He reached for my mantle with his hands,
Then said,
“Don’t ever try to patch the places I tear.”

I rubbed my face to the ground.
“Don’t ever clean my dirt from your face,” he said.

I am the One who brought you here.
I am the One who will take you away.
I am the lion. You are My lamb.

I threw naphtha on you, burn nicely.
My sulfuric acid doesn’t blacken a person.



75.

Verse 941

Before, I said, "My cupbearer
Gets up, offers me a big glass."

It is not necessary to say, "Bring."
He hears my voice without mouth or ear.

The reason for His kindness and favors to me
Are His immense love and beautiful disposition.

The moon will rise naturally.
You don't have to ask.
Its light naturally reflects on you.
What is the use of asking?

O one who is the source
Of the joy and pleasure of gathering!
O one who is the bravest in war,
Who breaks the enemy line and destroys him!

The best guide to the one who deviates from the road!
The best rope to the one who is thrown into the dungeon!

The world looks like the night.
You look like the moon.
You resemble a candle. Souls are like the basin.

Soul is restless like a particle,
But he calms down when he is with You.
What a nice place, a nice home You are.

O one who believes and trusts,
Good news for you, good news.
The time for union has come. Troubles are over.

Let's get together, acquire all the things
That went out of our hands
With the wine which is called
The mother of all evil.

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The cupbearer has come.
How nicely he serves.

We have come close to the halting place.
What a nice country this is.

It is your job to mature and develop the heart.
That's what happens in the meadow.

O cupbearer, God spare your life for us.
Don't ever die. You are giving blessings.
You are our benefactor.

O my safety, my security, we are thirsty.
Sate us with the wine
That cuts the neck of sorrows.

The purity, the clarity of the wine
Whose essence is very clean,
Will develop and mature us.

Leave words alone. Be a peer of wine.
Attach to Farz;⁷⁴ quit Sunnet.⁷⁵

Be cherished with drunkenness.
Start the melody. Cheer us up.
Ten-teneten, ten-teneten, ten-teneten.

Day has broken down. The watchman has retired.
The war is over. There is no need for shields.

Wine has purified us. What a nice purifier.
Honey and milk are mixed for us.

We expect more. Increase the amount.
Offer, be wasteful until we are completely satiated.

Keep applying all the rules to subjugate us.
Cheer us up with the most beautiful sounds.

Stop all our camels here.
There is no place on earth
That has more greenery and water.

Who could see such a cupbearer
Who wouldn't be admired?
Who wouldn't worship such an idol?

O experienced hero, there is no end
To the world of love. Finish it with the short one.

People got drunk, friend, and fell asleep.
I'll start drinking alone.
Müfteilün, müfteilün, fâilelen, fâlâlelân fâlen.



76.

Verse 967

○ beauty with whom everyone takes shelter
During difficult times;
I gave myself to You again.

You are such an ocean of love with no boundary.
The desire that man and woman feel for each other
Is only a drop of this ocean.

The lion nurses her cubs with that love.
The sultan asks the feelings of the poor with that.

Even the fire becomes a nanny to Abraham.
The shirt becomes a salve for Jacob's eye.

Eyes milk light from the sun.
The jasmine drinks water from the earth.

Even the Shaman with all his blasphemy
Is nourished by Him while worshipping
The idol which he carved from stone.

Grief becomes a nanny with Your favor.
But with Your tricks, the nanny
Gives poison to the baby.

The blind worms, spins threads,
Then they make dresses for the faithful with them.
They cut the shroud.

Enough. Don't say more than that.
Be silent so the soul's nightingale
Will fly to the mountain and give a sermon.



77.

Verse 976

That charming beauty of mine, the happiness
Of my today and tomorrow, came again.

My eyes shine when I see him.
My garden and meadow, the spectacle
Of my pleasure are all in his face.

My voice, my yells, my worries and troubles
At last have reached his ear.

Who is the one knocking on my door?
Who is at my door?
My soul, my universe, my wishes and my desires
Are there.

If he doesn't knock at my door,
Alas to my sorrowful head.
If he doesn't look for me, alas for me. Alas for me.

Don't take your shadow away from my head.
Don't untie the chains on my feet.

What are you imagining, O sour face?
Go to my halva maker, taste my halva.

Eat some. Bring me some also
So that my bile will keep increasing.

Trouble has grabbed your bear strongly.
What is your helplessness, O my father?

O my hero, son of a brave,
O my master, throw two or three hard punches
To the chin.

He tore the water bag, threw the bucket.
My water carrier was dipped in water, then came.

I yelled, "O water carrier who has been
Smeared by dirt!" He didn't hear me.
He went and sat there.

He is mine. Mine. He goes everywhere,
But in the end he comes to me.

Look at the sparkle of my talking pearl
That watches the roughness
Of the foam of the sea in the sky.

The sea says, "Jump from the ship.
Dive into my clean water."

Just like a drop becomes a pearl in the sea,
The sea also becomes a drop in my sea.

Never mind the gazel.
Look at Ezel,⁷⁶ because my sorrow
Comes from Ezel. So does my love.



78.

Verse 993

We are the ones who return to our Lord
With our essence pure and clean.
We are the ones who obey Him.

Why would our Lord like to buy us?
We are already owned by Him.

If the hungry eat too much,
They will have an upset stomach.
But we are hungry for His looks.

You suppose we will perish forever.
But we will meet Him on His due date.⁷⁷



79.

Verse 997

How long will you be changing
From color to color like a chameleon
With your denials?
How long will your thorn hurt our hand?

You Beloved knows the secret of the skies.
Your secrets are nothing to Him.

How long will you be asking,
“Isn’t that journey over?”
How long will we be carrying your load?”

Doctor and friend are both sick because of you.
But your medicine is in your sickness.

O one who drank the wine of heedlessness
And became a disbeliever, the smell of your mouth
Is in your confession.



80.

Verse 1002

Change the tune. Start a new one.
Look, a brand new sound has come from the sky.

If a new secret doesn't come from intelligence,
Neither the ear nor the thought refreshes.

Venus also does that
Because it saw that moon-faced one.
He would play your cheerful band.

Get up. Bring that glass quickly
So I can alleviate the shyness of new associates.

Jump. Get up O cupbearer.
Start playing music. Give a new start to old wine
And offer it.

Since you bite my cheek, return to it.
Kiss that new mark of feet there.

My face, which has become pale like gold,
Obtained golden scissors because of you.
When I start doing any new flirting,
They come and find me.

But, how can I feign reluctance?
Every moment a new dress comes to me
Openly or secretly.
I have been honored every moment.

See this new dress? There is a new ornament,
An elegance of design, a master like you in every part.

Take a new flight. Turn around the head of lovers.
Show loyalty. Be a stately bird. Open your wings.

Your kindness, your favor gives new greed
To the most contented one with every breath.

Offer wine with the jar so the new guest,
Who is a big glass maker, becomes very thirsty.

The color of my face and my tears
Are the informer of my secrets.
Every one of them is evidence.

Come inside. Come quickly. There is a new art,
A new tool in that quickness.

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Enough. Be silent. Your words in front of love
Are like an old garment bought at a new dress shop.



81.

Verse 1017

Put your cheek to the cheek of this drink
For one moment.
Give up this fighting and cruelty.

If there is no silver to gain,
Offer me the wine glass that resembles gold.

You are the One who opened
The door of seven skies.
Put Your hand of grace
To the heart of someone who can't walk.

I don't have any gift besides my absence.
You may as well put Your name to my absence.

You are the One who breaks.
You are the One who repairs the broken.
Apply the salve of soul to the surface of the break.

Don't love that sugar, those pistachios.
Love this slave, this servant
Who is never separated from You.

O heart, I've told you fifty times.
Don't fish for words. Step on this fish hook.



82.

Verse 1024

I came to terms with the mine of pearl.
I made peace with the circle of the moon.

The cup of vinegar has desired
To make peace with sugar.
Thank God the sugar went along with that.

Peace and war are the result of God's influence.
But peace cannot be achieved with talk,
Only with the heart and head.

Angels and man came to terms
After Jesus suddenly ascended to heaven.

O sky of kindness, if you become reconciled
With me, once more I will become your Jesus.

His charm gave existence to nothingness.
Peace has looked at once to that bit of grease.

My sultan desires peace. For that reason
The sky is under the influence of peace.

The sky became a nanny to this muddy world.
Taurus and Leo made peace.

You also make peace. Know this well,
That, at the end, Cebri⁷⁸ came to terms with Kaderi⁷⁹

Enough. We now have permanent peace.
We don't use peace as a shield.



83.

Verse 1034

There is something in old age,
Something in youth.
You get old and die, but are born young again.

If your donkey's voice was lost, never mind.
Your mind's call is like an invitation of Jesus for you.

If deceitful morning didn't smile,
No heart would wail and cry.

If the beauty of soul showed his face to us,
All the particles would turn to us and disappear.

If you decrease Self from yourself,
No one, in both worlds, would be like you.

If there weren't the jealousy of that sun,
Every particle would become a cupbearer,
Place by place.

If your palm were closed
I would separate grain from straw.

If a snake was found in the water of loyalty,
It would become a fish in this water.



84.

Verse 1042

Even if you are the moon, Venus or Ferkat,⁸⁰
You are certainly more auspicious
Than all the auspicious stars in the sky.

You are neither from this sky nor that.
You are very elegant. Where did you come from?

When you are dressed in form, your face
Will be more beautiful than the moon.
You will become charming, have beautiful stature.

Love and beauty both came from you
In order to have a beautiful cheek.

You are the one every heart,
Every thought has lost.
But, again you are the one who finds everything
That has been lost.

You are the Hatem⁸² of every possession every country.
You are the crown of every sultan, every great one.

Your drum has been beaten in the heights,
Because you blew your breath into them.

When a bad or ugly one turns his face to you
He becomes nicer, more beautiful and free of malice.

O one whose right becomes the essence of every chemical,
O one whose existence becomes a torch for every existence,

All these things can be said about everyone.
Where is God's attribute, God's knowledge?

If lightning comes from that sky,
The sun and sky become dark and dull.



85.

Verse 1053

If you have perished with immortal love,
Even if you have one soul,
You will acquire a thousand souls.

If you are coy with yourself once,
People become drunk, ruined and beautiful,
Pass out of themselves.

O my heart, drink wine openly.
Don't apply Had⁸² to you,
Because you have already
Gone beyond the boundary.

Even if they punish you, what could happen?
It will come and go.
Be cheerful, because you have become
Permanent and immortal.

O heart that is full of hatred,
You are purified.
O old body, you are rejuvenated.

Stay drunk all of the time.
Don't be sober, because when you are sober,
You'll be tied by all the boundaries.

The soul resembles water, the body, soil.
You are water, separated and purified from soil.

You became turbid in the jar of earth.
Now you have ascended to the top, are purified.

Your light is about to be extinguished.
Walk straight. You are enforced by the sun.

Your soul was like a bat.
When he reached this light,
He turned into a falcon.

O breath, how long will you be going in and out?
The one who breathes with you has arrived.
Cease.



86.

Verse 1064

O drunk heart, where are you flying?
Where is your assembly? Where do you drink wine?

You are the source of every shape,
But you don't have shape.

You are the nanny for every soul,
But you are free from soul.

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I have given so many samples,
So many names for you.
But you are far above the names and samples.

You have no house, no place in both places.
Where do you carry your load with every breath?

I took your money to the mint.
"O head goldsmith," I said, "what is the value of this?"

"You are the broker of the money of meaning.
You are the one who puts salve on everyone who sees."

I came to the headquarters of love.
I came, but then, heart has disappeared.
I also have disappeared.



87.

Verse 1072

There are hundreds of customers
For my moon-faced beauty.
His eyes have become spells to hundreds of iris.⁸³

Faith has been flamed by Him with every breath,
Burns the house of the unbeliever.

Heart's fire has raised to the sky.
The horizon has become red with its heat.

Your beauty was kept running last night.
There was a torch in his hand, flame by flame.

"Stop for a while," I said. "Who is your target,
O God' lion? Where are you attacking?"

O one who became Solomon with his ring,
His army and his flag, your ring is a crown
For the giant as well as the fairy.

O my soul, O my heart, you are running very fast.
You don't even turn and look at this martyr.

You don't hear the yells of the ones
Who became drunk on your wine.
You don't consider anyone as human.

His specter looked in such a way
That I was melted,
Ruined by the heat of that look.

I was annihilated. I became nothing,
Nothing with that look.
Dignity and indignity disappeared.

If you don't see, my sultan who is praised by Tebriz
Will tell you of my situation.



88.

Verse 1083

○ Sultan of killing and bringing life
And, at the same time, judgment day,
There is no temple to reach but your temple.

O head, you don't have desires and wishes.
Even if you have,
That's because of the donkeyness in you.

O one who sees me, the pupils of my eyes
Keep looking at You.
O Beauty, I look and I see. The eyes of my soul
See only You.

Hide from people like a fairy.
Until you turn into a fairy,
You cannot fly and hide in the sky.

My heart has been lost.
O my peace and decision,
Why was it lost after meeting with you?

Don't get stuck in this dry soil like heavy people.
You have a better value
Than the ones who ascend to the heights.

Our stage is the throne of God, even beyond that.
For the sake of your life, O Self, get up,
Start your journey.

Everyone is sediment at the bottom of the jar.
You are the great commander-in-chief.
That's what what you are.

Look," I said, "we need a ladder."
"Stop. Endure," he answered.
"Patience will give you that."

"How long will you be staying behind the curtain,
Outside of the door?" I asked.
"You should tear the curtain outside of the door."

He answered, "My patience is with that.
How can there be shopping without a customer?"

Don't sell gold in order to get wine.
The essence of wine will be gold for you.

When wine comes, they won't pass us by.
Open your eyes. Endure. Be patient.

When you sell wine, what do you gain? Just grief.
You sell religion. Fine. But what do you gain?
Infidelity.

Congratulations come with Him. Eat and drink.
You are close to your destination. Good news.

Temporary union cannot be immortal.
Woman cannot become pregnant with a dildo.



89.

Verse 1099

One who flew from this narrow cage,
O one who went to the heights of the sky,

From now on, you start a new life altogether.
What is this aimless life?

Life has passed through with the desire of Musteri.⁸⁴
See the moon. Free yourself from the planet Jupiter.

You took off and threw away your louse-infested shirt,
Became a stark-naked soul.
You look much better like that.

They wove a new dress for you
That is colored by special dyes
Instead of the mantle of flesh
Which is made of four elements.

This body's dress was a dress for a teenager.
Now take the shirt of maturity.

Death is living. Living is death.
But the cover which covers the truth
Shows the reverse.

Souls that leave that body are all alive,
But they are invisible like fairies.

Soul rides the horse of absence,
Becomes free from the donkey
And from becoming a donkey.

Your heart has kept burning,
Ruining earth's barn by searching
For barley for this weak donkey.

When the curtain is raised,
That donkey turns into gold.
But you don't see that.

Soul has anchored in your body.
No, you sail through the oceans.

Even if he were separated from hands and feet,
God's grace gave him Cafer's wings.

If the house of flesh is demolished,
Don't cry. O rich one, you are in the dungeon of your body.
Know this very well.

When you get out of the well, out from the dungeon
You will be Joseph of Egypt.

When you are out of the well's bitter water
You will be a fish and stay at the river of Kevser.⁸⁵

You tell the rest of this,
Because people believe you, O my sultan.



90.

Verse 1116⁸⁷

You are a human being.
You are a human being, human;
But you are a stranger to that breath.
For that reason you are out of breath.

Burn the humanity inside of you to ashes.
If you are confidant, acquire that breath.

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The new moon held no account of himself.
That's why he became a new moon.
If you don't do the same, you won't get out of your Self.

Anger is fall season. Contentment is spring.
Earth can't be auspicious in the fall season.

You are giving me a headache with all your words.
Instead, talk about the love of a beauty.

If you are Rustem,
Why don't you attack lions and elephants?

Fly to the skies like an angel.
If you are going to be folding in two, fold like the sky.
Rain to earth by jars and by water bags.



91.

Verse 1123

If I had a hundred souls, a hundred hearts,
I would give a hundred of them to you.
And I would cheer, be submerged in joy.

If that breath became dirt in my body,
I would grow love's roses all over my body.

I would be water to a field of your trouble,
Be wind to your time of harvest.

If grief hadn't blown in your heart,
I would become breathless and silent
Just like the others.

If it weren't for the jealousy of my Shirin,
I would be a hero to whom hundreds of Ferhad
And hundreds of Husrev would give praise.

If it wouldn't break the heart
Of the doorman of secret
I would open the lock of the world.

If Hemedon⁸⁷ hadn't tied my feet,
If I hadn't known everything,
I would be company to that Baghdad beauty.
Start the journey.

Enough. If I hadn't had this weak memory,
I would keep remembering you all the time.

Enough. Even the cypress has become jealous
Of these words.

"I wish," he says, "I were as free as an iris."



92.

Verse 1132

If I weren't prey to the Beloved's sorrow,
I would twist the neck of sky's lion.

He tied my hands. Otherwise,
I would scratch your head better than this.

If I weren't jealous of your rose face,
I would be a nightingale in every rose garden.

If His rose opened the door for me,
I wouldn't climb to the top of the wall like a thorn.

There isn't any job He can't do.
No wonder I have become so idle.

Love is a doctor looking for the sick.
Otherwise I wouldn't be so wounded, so ill.

Abraham has sacrificed four birds⁸⁸ for Him.
I wish I could be the bird sacrificed for Him.

In order to be sacrificed for Him, I would
Eat sugar, become a parrot
With hundreds of beaks and hundreds of heads.

In order to nourish the other parrots
I would give honey like His lips, crush sugar.

If He didn't give me a heart like the sea,
I would be banal like others, eat lung.

Love has left its mark in my head clearly.
Otherwise how could I be such a love
As to give up head and turban?

The beloved kissed my lips last night.
Otherwise how could I say such sweet words?

He put a stately dot on my writing.
Otherwise I wouldn't turn like a pair of compasses.

If I hadn't come down, who would see me?
If I weren't drunk, I would go on the main road.

I stagger, walk twisted with drunkenness.
I wish I could walk in a straight line.

Or, I would isolate myself on top of the mountain
Like His beautiful-faced tulips.

Enough. If this sound were from a drum,
For sure, I would be submerged in imagination and secrets.



93.

Verse 1149⁸⁹

Ah, how nicely you knock on my heart's window.
I wonder if you are the window
Where my beloved's face appeared?

O sapling, for your life's sake,
When will you allow us to come toward your branches?

If you are not the window for that house,
Why you are so bright?

O my foundation, my essence,
Every word's light has an end.
They are extinguished
Except for the words that praise You.

Whatever fate does is temporary.
You are the only One who sets
The foundation of immortality.

Greed and anger have set a house here without You.
Beware, O soul, don't ever stay there.

This is the bait of the trap. Why are you eating it?
This is cold iron. Why are you forging it?

The sherbet of your whim, your desire
Is a poison arrow. Your enemy
Has set a trap and lays in ambush.

There is a tight bow behind this passage
That flies like an arrow.
Why are you hesitating?

Life has gone by. Time is short.
O my master of kindness and favor,
Hold the hand of the one who has perished.

Even if I owned both worlds,
I would still be poor without You.

We don't want anything but the grace of Your face.
We don't expect anything but Your love.



94.

Verse 1161

You are playing a new tune in my heart,
O my heart, my eyes, my brilliance.

You are the curtain. You are the one
Behind the curtain. You are bringing
A new difficulty with every breath.

Play from that tune so that
Every strike of your plectrum lifts the curtain.

At night, I am all alone. There is also
The lamp of soul.
But I am confused. Are You the fire or the oil?

Without You and me, both are You or me.
You are my soul, You are mine, or You are me.

I have been hearing a meaningful word of soul
Secretly, from the harp, *Ten teni ten*.
It means you are *ten*.⁹⁰

I am either flesh, soul or heart.
All I know is that You are the One
Who knit me, who has sewn me.

How can I not be rejuvenated because of You?
The freshness of the cypress is from You.
Also the freshness of the rose and iris are from You.

How can I not be illuminated by You?
You are the light of every house, every window.

How can I not obtain power from You?
You are the power of every bit of iron,
Every piece of marble.



95.

Verse 1171⁹¹

One who has left our world,
How are you going so beautifully?

O one who broke the cage, jumped out of bounds,
You opened your wings. Where are you going?

Pull your head out of your shroud and tell us.
Why are you leaving your country?

No. I made a mistake. This country was temporary.
You are going to the land of immortality.

The decree came from divine judgment.
You are following the messenger
Who brought the decree.

O breeze which came from paradise,
You are now running after the Ridvon⁹² of satisfaction.

Or, you are faced by divine manifestation
That has no beginning of the beginning.
You are going without hands and feet
By fluttering.

Or, you became drunk from the blaze of God's face,
Running to meet with God.

Or, you were sediment in God's jar.
Now you are purified and are ascending to the sky.

Or, you accepted the custom of silent ones
And are walking silently, secretly.



96.

Verse 1181

Rich one, don't walk away angry like that.
You will be sorry. Sit down quietly.
Otherwise, you'll be scattered all over the place.

Don't be shy. Don't go from this garden and meadow.
Otherwise, you'll go to the ruins like owls.

If you run away from the city's tavern,
You'll carry the load of the ogre to the deserts.

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If you turn your head from the Sun
To the sign of the Ram,
You will turn into the snow of winter.

Turn your face to battle.
Enter the ranks of the lions.
Otherwise you will be put in a sack, like a cat.

Eat less of the dishes made from oxen,
The trotters of this land. Otherwise,
You will get fat and become a donkey to the devil.

If your infidel self becomes submissive to you,
Even if you are blasphemy, you will turn to whole faith.

Don't frown when you taste
The bitterness of the Beloved,
So you can become a smiling rose with His favor.

Clean greed from your hands and your mouth.
If you are purified, you become the peer of the sultan.
You will eat blessings from the same dishes.

O heart, with even one breath you become crazy, insane.
In the next breath you will be the head of the assembly,
Rule with order.

Sometimes you journey to Iran like a robber.
Sometimes you become the police at Turan.⁹³

Sometimes you pass Isfahan, Iraq and Hicaz,⁹⁴
Become the music of Horasan's moon.

O chameleon, why don't you have a heart,
A soul and disposition like reason?

If you don't do these, you'd better be silent.
If you keep completely silent, you become Him.

If you turn your face to God's Shems of Tebriz,
You will become sultan to the land of Solomon.



97.

Verse 1196

○ my soul, O my life, where were you last night?
No. I made a mistake. You were in our heart.

I suffered so much last night from your separation.
Yet, you are the sultan of loyalty.

Ah, what shape I was in last night.
Ah, whose shape were you with last night?

I am jealous of the dress,
Because you are in the arms of the dress.

I have no remedy, no decision left.
But I don't have the courage to ask him,
"Why are you away from this helpless one?"

O eager beloved, it is time for you to leave.
You are faster than the morning breeze.

Trouble and difficulty has tied me without you.
Yet, you are tied by the ties of trouble.

The color of your beautiful face is the proof
That you are in the favor of God.

The color is your own, because you
Are cleansed from earth's color.
You are pure, colored by immortality.

You are a mirror.

Your rust is someone's reflection.

You are free from every color.



98.

Verse 1206

You are drunk, beautiful.
Where did you drink wine?

In your hand, you hold the glass
That deserves a sultan.
You have made a peerless rose marmalade.

Whose curtain of chastity will you be tearing
Because you are the bewitching beauty
Of reason and modesty?

Heart's garden grows and flourishes with your look.
You are the spring of the frozen heart.

O one who doesn't hurt even one ant,
You put a fire to the land of Solomon.

O my agile sultan, you started the journey,
Put eyes and heart under the feet.

The person you appreciate would have
Indescribable beauty and endless charm.

You make a slave, a servant out of every free heart.
You bring every dead body to life.

Soul is pleading, is begging you;
Take my soul where you took my heart.

Hundreds of centuries are at the tip of your finger.
How can I tell you that you are equal to ten people?



This is the end of

Bahr-i Sari Matviyyi Meuküf

NOTES

- 1 Koran VII-172.
- 2 Reed flute.
- 3 A three-stringed violin.
- 4 Old fashioned oil lamp.
- 5 Koran XL, 16.
- 6 A robe of honor.
- 7 Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead.
- 8 Shirin & Husrev: characters in a Persian love story.
Shirin means sweet.
- 9 Khadis.
- 10 Stanza.
- 11 Title of privilege.
- 12 Large earthen jar.
- 13 Legendary mountain where the phoenix lives.
- 14 Koran XLIII-1.
- 15 Koran CXIII-1.
- 16 Name of the mountain around Mecca.
- 17 Koran IX-III.
- 18 Koran XX-II-12.
- 19 The prophet Mohammed.
- 20 Koran XVII-1. Burah is the white horse the prophet
rode the night of Mirac. (The night he ascended.)
- 21 Koran XXV, 47-LXXVIII 10-12.
- 22 Chess game.
- 23 Knight.
- 24 King.
- 25 Women of paradise.
- 26 See previous explanation.
- 27 Koran XIII-13.
- 28 Character in Persian mythology.
- 29 Koran VII-172.
- 30 This goes on the verse as "Susht" instead of "Zisht".
- 31 Koran XXI-87-88. XXXVII-139, 148.
- 32 Koran L-30.
- 33 Nickname given to Prophet Ali by Mohammed.
- 34 This ghazal was most likely written after Mevlana
became sure of Shems of Tebriz' death.
- 35 Deccal: A legendary one-eyed evil person who will
come just before the world ends.
- 36 To sell at auction (going, going, gone)
- 37 Koran L-30.

- 38 Proclaiming the greatness of God.
- 39 This gazel must have been recited after the news of Shems' arrival.
- 40 Koran XII-94.
- 41 Verse of the Koran.
- 42 Beyazid: Bistami, died in 874 A.D.
- 43 Legitimate.
- 44 Stringed instrument.
- 45 Koran XXIV-35.
- 46 Legendary mountain where the phoenix lives.
- 47 Forbidden by religion.
- 48 Koran V 2-97, Kaabe.
- 49 Lim and lam: Arabic alphabet.
- 50 City in (at present) Iraq.
- 51 Second Khalif after the Prophet.
- 52 Koran II-117, VI-73, XVI-40, XIX-35, XXXVI-82, XL-68. "He only says to it 'Be' and it is."
- 53 Koran LXXVI 17, 21. LXXXIII-25.
- 54 A servant who is in charge of tutoring.
- 55 Koran LVI-8, 27, 38, 90, 91. LXXIV-39, XC-18.
- 56 Characters in a Persian love story.
- 57 In the Divan, the translation of "Takuturunbin-iturunbin-i tak."
- 58 Koran: XV-8,XXX 11-10, LXXII 8-9.
- 59 Legendary birds that destroyed the army of Abraham. (An Ethiopian general who attacked Mecca.)
- 60 Koran CV.
- 61 Dress with a veil.
- 62 A big earthen jar.
- 63 Name of the river of heaven.
- 64 Secret ingredient that makes gold.
- 65 Canonically unclean and in need of a ritual bath.
- 66 In other editions this reads, "I was raw, ripe, burned."
- 67 Kelim: A title for Moses.
- 68 Koran XVIII 60-82.
- 69 Persian for *king*.
- 70 The Moslem festival of sacrifices.
- 71 Persian numbers used in the play of backgammon.

- 72 According to an old belief, the star of Capus is
seen best at Yemen, and its light changes stone
to rubies.
- 73 Slaves used to wear earrings.
- 74 Religious precept binding duty.
- 75 Moslem practices and rules not laid down in the
Koran but due to the Prophet's own habits and words.
- 76 Eternity in the past.
- 77 Koran II-46, 156. XXI-93. XXXIII-60.
- 78 Predestination.
- 79 Believer in free will.
- 80 The star Ursae Minor.
- 81 Hatem-i Tayy.
- 82 Religious punishment boundary.
- 83 Koran XX-87.
- 84 Customer.
- 85 River in paradise.
- 86 Information about this gazel is in Eflaki-
Menakib Vol. I p. 543.
- 87 Refers to Rustem, a legendary strong man.
- 88 Koran II-260.
- 89 The even numbered verses of this gazel are in
Arabic.
- 90 Ten is body, flesh.
- 91 This gazel is a eulogy to either Shems of Tebriz
or Selahaddin. (A. Golpinarli)
- 92 Angel at the door of heaven.
- 93 Turkestan in Central Asia.
- 94 Modes of Near Eastern music.

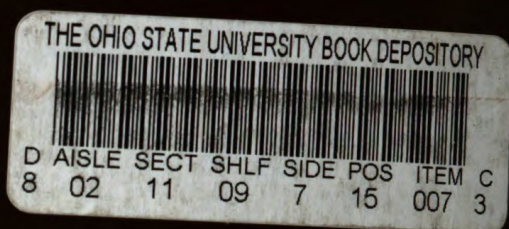


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Sufism, Poetry



☾ moon face, if you don't sleep just one night,
The treasure of immortality shows its face to you.

At night, you will be warmed
By the sun of Absence; salve will open your eyes.

Insist. Don't put your head on the pillow tonight.
Insist so you will see the gifts of happiness.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Dîvân-î Kebîr Meter 11
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